

Hither and thither; or, Sketches of travels on both sides of the Atlantic. By Reginald Fowler

HITHER AND THITHER; OR, SKETCHES OF TRAVELS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC: BY REGINALD FOWLER, ESQ. BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

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PREFACE.

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The following sketches explain themselves—a long preface is needless. It will be seen that the Author has not rushed recklessly into print, but has taken some time to consider whether his Travels have taught him anything not generally known to the world. The book is the result of some experience; the places described have been frequently visited by him, and he has endeavoured to condense, as much as possible, any information which it may contain. All little matters of detail, which usually occupy so much space in works of this nature and convey a very isproportionate amount of useful information, have been studiously omitted, and the style, it is hoped, is conversational and easy.

IV.

In explanation of the title, it may be as well to say, that when the sketches were first commenced, the writer intended to extend hem to many other countries, but he has now

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decided upon appearing before the public in an unambitious manner, and to be guided by the result, as to whether he may venture to intrude upon them again.

Temple, April , 1854.

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CHAPTER I.

MADEIRA.—DIFFERENCE IN CLIMATE.—FUNÇHAL.—HOTELS AND BOARDING HOUSES.—RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES.—SOCIETY.—PORTUGUESE ESTIMATE OF ENGLISH FAVOURS.—TRADE OF THE ISLAND.—POPULATION.—EMIGRATION.—POTATOE DISEASE.—FAMINE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.—ROADS.—PALANQUINS.—SLEDGES.—HORSES.—COSTUME OF THE PEOPLE.—EXCURSIONS.—SCENERY.—CLIMATE..

NOW a days almost every one is a cosmopolite; Railways and Steamers have annihilated distance, and Pekin or the Rocky mountains will soon be within the compass of a long vacation tour. Something more than an apology would therefore seem to be due from the writer of a mere book of travels, unless the places described occupy at the moment an unusually prominent position in the public mind. This is so keenly felt by the author of the following desultory sketches, that he at once disavows all idea of the schoolmaster, he can scarcely hope, *simul et jucunda et idonea discere vitæ*, and will be quite satisfied should he not be considered tiresome by those whom he fails to instruct. A

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Like many others the writer sought relief from serious illness by change of scene and climate, and a passage being offered him to Madeira decided upon going thither.

To an invalid how great a boon is a railway! How sincerely did I congratulate myself as I glided without fatigue over the Great Western line, that stage coaches were things of the past, and like Ancient Britons driven to take refuge in the mountains, for a few hours took me to Plymouth; and on the 26th day after a very rough and tedious passage, a cloud capped ridge of mountains rose gloomily and abruptly from the blue expanse around. This was the island of Madeira; the anchor was soon let go in the roadstead off Funçhal. The change was magical; no very perceptible alteration in climate had been felt until we left "Porto Santo" and the rugged abrupt north shore of Madeira behind us, and passing

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between the rocky islands, called appropriately the “Desertas,” and the long point of “San Lorenzo,” which at this part of the island stretches far out to sea, sailed along the famed south side of Madeira, and passing “Capo Garajaö,” vulgarly called the “Brazen Head;” saw before us the beautiful cup-shaped hollow in which the town of Funçhal is built. It was the 7th of December, but the air was soft and mild to a degree utterly unknown, even in the 3 finest day of summer in England; to say that December was changed into June, would most inadequately describe it—rather as sour Cape wine is to Malmsey Madeira, so was the air of the British Channel to that of Funçhal. The scene was so enchanting that I could not make up my mind to go below even for the time necessary to lock a portmanteau, but lingered on deck watching the gradually fading landscape, as the shadows of the setting sun rose slowly up the mountain sides, and left the world of Funçhal in darkness.

A number of gaudily painted flat bottomed boats soon came alongside, and after the usual formalities had been complied with, we were allowed to transfer our persons and baggage to one of them and make for the shore. The usual landing is upon the open and steep beach, and is very cleverly managed—the boatmen, knowing from experience that every third or fourth wave breaks with a heavier swell than its two or three immediate predecessors and successors, keep the boat poised on the curl of the last wave, and when the proper time arrives jump into the water, and heave the boat high and dry on the beach; an accident very rarely occurs. The other landing place, at a sort of natural pier called the “Pontinha,” is at times the worse of the two, as there is often a heavy A2 4 rolling swell, and the rocks on which you must step are slippery and rough.

We proceeded at once to the custom—house, where every courtesy was shown, though some articles, such as tobacco, gunpowder, soap, are rigidly excluded being government monopolies, farmed out to private individuals.

How inimitably has Judge Haliburton, in the “Gentleman at Large,” described the keen sensation of pleasure and uncontrollable spirits experienced on landing after a voyage of any length—no felon from a jail, no bird from a cage, no invalid from a sick bed, no

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liberated nun, can enjoy a greater sense of unaccustomed liberty and freedom.—It is a re-entry into the world, a kind of new birth, a sudden change from bilious listlessness to active enjoyment; the torpid senses are stimulated and aroused to a more than usual activity; it is no longer mere vegetation,—vitality returns, you LIVE.

The hotels at Funçhal are not good, the best is near the custom-house; few, except the passing stranger, stay more than a few hours at either; those who contemplate a long residence, either take a house if the family is large enough to make it necessary to do so, or else go to one of the many boarding houses with which the place abounds, where for the moderate monthly charge of 45 or 50 dollars, every comfort and 5 many luxuries will be found. Their arrangements are generally good, and few complaints are made, even by the most querulous invalid. The great comfort indeed of these houses is one of the strongest recommendations of Funçhal. To find an English home in such a delightful climate is rare, but it is to be found here in perfection. Those visitors who come early in the season are usually required to enter into an engagement, to remain in the same house for five months, before they are admitted; but this rather unpleasant custom is not invariably insisted upon; I objected to it, and was received without any such condition. The largest boarding house (Hollway's) is some little distance from the town, and is admirably managed, [liberality and kindheartedness are the characteristics of its owners], but the situation is a little trying to those who are great invalids. I found a refuge from the discomfort of the hotel, in one of the boarding houses in the Town, where a friend was already domiciled.

There is but little to attract the eye of a stranger, within the town of Funçhal, though in the outskirts it is lovely; an air of sober quiet dullness prevades it: people move about slowly, or congregate in groups to gossip, which are every now and then disturbed for a moment by a passing equestrian, or a wine sledge, drawn 6 along the slippery little stones, with which the streets are paved, by small sleek-looking oxen. You look in vain for the life and movement of a large town, and a traveller of any experience takes in at a glance, what little there is to observe. The town is straggling, and does not contain a

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single building worth a moment's attention; the streets are generally narrow, but clean and well kept; and the houses stuccoed, with often a little enclosed garden at the side or back; the best houses invariably possess a tall turret overlooking the sea; and many an hour have I lounged, even in January or February, with all the windows open, in one of them, either reading, or watching through a capital telescope the arrival or departure of vessels in the bay. Funçhal possesses three public gardens or alameda's, but only one is at all pretty, and even that derives its charm as a lounge, more from the beautiful peeps of the surrounding amphitheatre of hills, and the roadstead, than from its own intrinsic merits,—such at least was my first impression, while strolling through the town to deliver my letters, and a more intimate knowledge induced no change.

Madeira has long been celebrated for the hospitality of its merchants; and although its trade has of late years greatly diminished, they seem still determined to perpetuate their reputation. 7 Indeed nothing can exceed their kindness to those who come in any way authenticated to them, and their residences are, from their size and accommodaton, admirably adapted for the purpose of hospitality.

I am perhaps anticipating, but I may as well here record the feeling of sorrow, with which I found that a religious dispute had cut up into two sections, a small community, previously living together in harmony. Its virulence had a little subsided before I reached the island, but it was still a war cry, and indeed is so at the present moment. No one, not resident in the island, could believe the extent to which this tractarian movement broke up the society of the place, which collapsed and withered like a leaf exposed to an African Simoom. It must be borne in mind, that in all Protestant communities resident abroad, there will always be a considerable latitude of religious belief,—you are certain to find the presbyterian, the methodist, the baptist, and a host of other dissenters. When, therefore, these men unite, and at a very large expense, build for themselves a handsome church, and subscribe a considerable income for the clergyman, sink minor differences, and rally round the common altar of their faith; come to a church where perhaps they may not hear doctrine to which they can all implicitly subscribe, 8 but which is still a protestant

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church, and the only place of worship, except the Roman Catholic, open to them; it would surely seem incumbent upon a clergyman, placed among such a congregation, to yield a little, rather than exalt his own judgment over that of many of his superiors, even in his own church. become himself the disciple of a schism, and by rigidly carrying out those changes, many of which were mere forms, cause much hatred and ill feeling, and finally drive from his church more than half his congregation. The result is well known,—a controversy between the reverend gentleman, the Bishop of London and Lord Palmerston, ended in his being removed and a successor appointed; he then transferred himself and those of his congregation who supported him, to a room fitted-up for the purpose of divine service. The visitors to the island espoused different sides, entering into a dispute with which they had nothing whatever to do. In fact, the wars of the Roses were nothing to this war of Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.

It may be thought that I here express myself in rather strong language, but I would defy any man who has not learnt to sacrifice the substance for a shadow, not to feel strongly when he contemplated the utter ruin of all that was neighbourly and good, caused by this melancholy struggle. It should also be borne in mind that this very clergyman had, for several years before, officiated in harmony with his congregation; it was not until after a long absence in England, that these miserable novelties were introduced. The church is a very commodious handsome building, capable of holding about 400 people, but possessing, by the express stipulation of the Portuguese authorities, neither tower nor bell, nor any other external symbol of an ecclesiastical building; it is situated in a charming garden, filled with the luxuriant and lovely flowers, and plants of this prolific clime, and is approached by a delicately-paved avenue, whose walls are overshadowed by ever-blooming roses and daturas. The feelings too, are not shocked by approaching the house of God through a melancholy file of the records of death,—the cemetery being at some little distance from the church.

Yet, in spite of this dispute, and the usual matchmaking and scandal, consequent on 500 people being idle together, Funchal society was amusing; excursions up the hills to the

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Paliero, Capo Garajaö, the Coral, the Serras, across the island to St. Anne's, and by water to the petrified forest; and a host of lesser trips, to the "Monte," and the various beautiful Quintas scattered over the sides of the mountains; varied by a game 10 of billiards, either at the English or Portugal clubs, make the days pass rapidly. The fineness of the climate enables nearly every one to enter into society,—you may always leave a crowded room, and without overcoat, stroll with impunity home. The nights are generally lovely, and not greatly cooler than the day, while very little rain falls in the town of Funçhal, though among the hills it constantly rains, while the sun is shining brilliantly on the sea shore.—When the clouds hide the towers of the "Monte" church, it is certain to rain in the town; but while they hang (as they often do for days) a little above them, not a drop of moisture will be felt in the valley below. To see delicate equestrians, of both sexes, cantering home in every direction, when nature shrouds in mist those pillars of safety, is by no means one of the least amusing scenes of Funçhal life.

There is but little social intercourse between the visitors and the resident Portuguese,—the habits of life and the very usually restricted means of the latter, precluding them from it. The salary of the Governor, and indeed of all the officials, is miserably small; they do not, therefore, as in other places, throw open their houses. It always seemed to me that strangers, particularly the English, were simply tolerated. The Portuguese cannot but acknowledge 11 the great benefits the island derives from their stay, and are quite willing to increase their incomes by letting their houses and other means; but there is little community of feeling between them and the floating population of the Island. Here, as well as at Lisbon, I was often annoyed by being told that England treated Portugal as a dependent province, not as an independent kingdom; every benefit conferred upon the country, is attributed, whether rightly or wrongly, to a selfish motive;—the Portuguese assert that we are compelled to assist them, to maintain the balance of power in the Peninsula, and because the Port of the Tagus is necessary for our fleet; that we have no other between the English channel and Gibraltar.—This is undoubtedly true: the feeling therefore towards the English nation, is not what we think it ought to be—no gratitude

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is felt. We have, undoubtedly, at times afforded more than a moral assistance to the government, when the feelings of the mass of the Portuguese have been adverse to it, and though this can most probably be justified on sound political grounds, it is not surprising that the Portuguese should chafe a little under the coercion.

The Foreign merchants and the Portuguese pull tolerably well together; but by far the largest amount of trade is in the hands of the 12 former. America and the West Indies, are at present, the greatest consumers of the better kinds of Madeira wines. I was informed (but do not vouch for the fact) that a considerable trade has sprung up between the Germans and Funchal; the very inferior wine being sent to Germany, and after receiving some “doctering,” exported thence to England, where it is palmed off, upon the very gullable English palate, as sparkling Hock or Moselle. Were it not for this latter practice, the supply of wine would, I understood, be much greater than the demand; as it is, the notion is very prevalent that there is more acidity in the ordinary Madeira wine than the Spanish wines, and consequently it is but little drank in England; and the export from Madeira has now fallen to little more than 8,000 to 9,000 pipes per annum. “Sercial” is the best dry wine; and when fairly treated, and 15 years old, is worth in the island from £60 to £80 a pipe. “Tinta” is a red wine, and but little exported. “Vertiglio” and “Bual” are good wines, and “Malmsey” is the pride of the Madeira cellar.—This wine is the produce of a few small patches of soil on the south side,—the vine producing the grape for this wine will only grow in certain spots. For my own part I much prefer the “Sercial,” but “Malmsey” I believe commands a higher price in the market; it is too 13 sweet to. drink in any quantity. The wines are ripened artificially by carefully heated cellars, and places called “estufas;” but I do not profess to be initiated into the worse than Eleusinian mysteries of this trade.

The island does not grow sufficient corn for its own consumption, but imports wheat and rice in large quantities, as well as salted cod-fish (or baecalaö) from Newfoundland. A few persons are supported by making feather flowers and pretty baskets; Guava jelly and other sweets are also exported in small quantities; and the place has of late years become a large depôt for coals, many steamers calling at Funchal for the purpose of coaling,—this

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and the few supplies taken on board by passing vessels, add considerably to the trade. The population is much too numerous; a large emigration has consequently taken place at times; chiefly to the island of St. Vincent, but the Portuguese government have done all in their power to stop it, by making each emigrant pay a sum of 12 or 15 dollars, (I forget which), before they will allow him to depart.

The peasants in the mountains often suffer much from want of food, and in the year of the potatoe failure, died by hundreds, of starvation, after living for weeks on grass and herbs; lean and emaciated they crawled to the door-steps of 14 Funçal, and fainted for want of food. A subscription was after some time raised for the poor wretches, and a large quantity of rice distributed, but the misery was on too extensive a scale to be entirely relieved. The stoical apathy, with which the Portuguese government and inhabitants of Funçal, saw their poorer countrymen endure the horrors of famine, gives a very unfavourable notion of their character; the sole effort made for their relief, originated with, and was almost entirely supported by, the foreign merchants and strangers.

The failure of the potatoe, at the same time, and from the same disease, on this little island, hundreds of miles from any other land, and where the root is comparatively of recent introduction, has always appeared to me conclusive in favour of the theory that the disease, be it what it may, was caused by atmospheric blight, and has nothing to do with the supposed exhaustion, by long cropping, of the healthy reproducing power of this vegetable.

The peasantry of both sexes are swarthy and strong, but are subject to a disease of the skin arising doubtless from poverty of blood. They are very hard working and industrious, and stagger down from the mountains bearing tremendous loads of wood, and other heavy supplies for the more luxurious inhabitants of Funçal.

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The fatigue of moving about in Madeira is very great, for there is hardly an inch of level ground (except the large tracts called the Serras) in the whole island. The roads are all very narrow, generally between high stones walls, over-grown with flowering creepers and geraniums, are fearfully hot when the sun is high, and present but few peeps of the charming scenery which a step or two on either side into the Vineyards will always afford. These roads are paved with little thin stones, and become from constant friction exceedingly slippery:—they are at all times steep, and in some places so much so, as to make it wonderful that any animal carrying a load can either ascend or descend them in safety. The tugging jerking motion of the poor beasts in ascending is most unpleasant, and some experience of the extreme sure footedness of the horses (if allowed to have their head) is requisite before the rider can conquer a feeling of dread, while riding down these mountain paths. These roads are indeed marvels of perseverance and labour, but at the same time striking illustrations of an entire ignorance of road engineering. They cannot of course be traversed by any kind of vehicle on wheels, there are therefore no carriages, —little sledges and palanquins are the substitute. The palanquins are of two kinds, one a sort of 16 long chair or cradle, in which there is room for a person to sit without cramping the legs, slung on a pole by strong wires, (there are curtains attached which may be drawn if required,) two men carry this, one at each end of the pole; the motion is unpleasant, and will often cause the same nausea as sea sickness. The other and pleasanter kind is simply a hammock slung likewise from the same kind of pole, and borne on the shoulders of two men; in this the traveller lies at full length, and at first is not insensible to the very awkward probability of a broken head or back, should a false step on the part of the bearers drop him to the ground. In one of those machines you are quite helpless, but they are a lazy luxurious kind of conveyance, suited to the habits of the people and the climate. The ladies appear to enjoy them greatly.

The sledges are almost always drawn by very small, but docile oxen. Every body at Madeira rides, and numerous livery stable-keepers supply strangers with horses, good enough for the country, at prices varying from 20 to 30 dollars a month. A boy or man

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(unless forbidden) always accompanies the horse, and is on terms of such intimate good fellowship with the animal, that he always clings to the tail in mounting the steep parts of the road.

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The activity, good humour, and apparent insensibility to all fatigue of these “buroqueros” is one of the marvels of the island, and their powers are often severely tried by a party of boisterous high-spirited midshipmen, off for a gallop to the “Corral.” These lads have usually no notion that a horse has any other pace than a gallop; and no matter what the nature of the ground, a gallop they must have; on such roads as those of Madeira, it is little short of a miracle that any such party ever returns without many broken bones or heads.

A little cap worn by the men, tapering to a long stiff point, starting rigidly erect from it, is almost the only great peculiarity in the costume of the peasantry; I do not know what to compare it to, unless it be an old-fashioned wine strainer. The cap covers but a small part of the head, and, except the little straw hats worn at Spezzia and its neighbourhood, is the most singular and at the same time inefficient head-dress I have ever seen.

There is a good deal of crime in Madeira, and its perpetrators constantly manage to evade punishment, by taking refuge in the wild districts of the mountains. The military are the police, and are worse than inefficient. The gaol is in the heart of the town, with windows almost level with the ground, looking into the streets, B 18 protected simply by iron bars;—the prisoners beg very perseveringly from the passers-by. It is said that they often remain incarcerated for years, without its being thought necessary to go through the empty form of a trial,—their guilt is, I suppose, considered as established by the *prima facie* case against them. To an Englishman this seems rather unjust, but the Portuguese probably see no harm in it; people differ.

The religion of the island is what the Roman Catholic creed usually is, where the people are grossly ignorant; but the clergy are in very bad odour, and have a most indifferent

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reputation for morality. I saw here, what I have never seen elsewhere, carried to the same extent,—the events of our Saviour's life travestied by costumed processions through the streets. Many persevering, and perhaps injudicious attempts have been made, on the part of the Protestants, to proselytize, but I believe they have not been very successful.

There were no public amusements at Funçhal during my stay,—no concerts, no theatre or opera; yet the Madeiranese are musical, and few are the hours, either of the day or night, in which the pleasing sound of a peculiarly small guitar, does not salute the ears of the passers by in the streets. The skill with which it is played is surprising; and although the body of the instrument is not more than twice the size of the palm of the hand, it fills most completely the largest reception room in Funçhal. The absence of all the usual resources of idle men, is severely felt by most, after a lengthened stay. To make excursions to the higher parts of the island, is not prudent during the winter months,—the change in the climate is too great; about the month of May they may be undertaken with safety. “Porto Santo” must be visited in an open native boat, and will not repay either the trouble or the risk. The population are half naked barbarians; the governor is a shoemaker. The island lies about twenty miles north of Madeira. The other islands, which form the group, are mere rocky deserts. Parties sometimes visit them for the purpose of shooting the rabbits, with which they abound.

Nothing is more difficult to describe than scenery, but this island has such marked general characteristics, that it will be perhaps more easy to give an idea of it, than is generally the case. In shape it is like a lozenge, and about 45 miles long and about 15 wide at the broadest part; at either end it tapers almost to a point. Its volcanic origin is quite apparent, even to the unscientific observer. The whole of the north shore and a large part of the south is very abrupt and mountainous, seamed with deep chasms and gorges, up which the eye travels until lost in the curling clouds and mists which almost always envelope its highest peaks. “Pico Ruivo,” attains a height of nearly 6,000 feet, and there are several other peaks of almost equal altitude. When therefore the small size of the island is considered, it will be at once seen that its surface must be most

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broken and irregular; it is in fact one large mountain with a group of lesser satellites, sometimes meeting the sea in gigantic perpendicular cliffs 1,500 or 2,000 feet high, and at others as at Funçhal, extending their less rugged spurs in gradually descending slopes. Torrents without number descend the ravines, which radiate from the centre to the sea in all directions; these, are at times from the nature of their sources much swollen, but in general tumble noisily but harmlessly over their stony beds, and serve to supply the washer-women, who may be seen in crowds kneeling at their sides, beating most unmercifully on the polished stones, the linen entrusted to their charge. No shirt is proof against a six months' washing campaign in Madeira; the first fight invariably kills every button, and a few more literally batter it to pieces.

The scenery is Swiss in its wildness without the snow and glaciers. Some of the gorges are 21 not inferior in character to the Tête Noir, equally abrupt, black, forbidding and savage; indeed I doubt whether there be anywhere a chasm of such startling sublimity as the "Corral." This chasm is not more than half-a-mile wide, but 4,000 feet deep, and enclosed on all sides by a range of stupendous mountain precipices.

With the exception of the two rather extensive "Serras," which lie at a great elevation from the sea, and are covered with tangled underwood, ferns, and chesnut trees, there is no level ground; all is mountain ridge and ravine. The most hardy tropical plants, the date, the banana, Indian corn, coffee, sugar cane, the pomegranate, the olive, and fig, flourish near the sea level, the vine stretches rather higher; next is the region of the grain and fruits of Europe; and above, huge forests of chesnut trees cover the sides of the mountains almost to their summits. The vines are trained on open trellis-work supported by poles about 6 feet high, and stretch in long ledges or tiers one above the other in every part where it is possible to plant them. The amphitheatre of Funçhal is an exception in character to the rest of the island, but even here the land rises almost immediately from the sea level.

During the four months of December, January, February, and March, the average temperature in the shade will be from 58 to 65, but 22 this will be higher or lower according

to the situation of the house—if exposed to the cold currents of air from the ravines, the thermometer will vary as much as 20 degrees; some care is therefore necessary in selecting a residence. There is one infallible test by which an invalid may know, whether the usual climate here is suited to his complaint. If the wind called “L'Este” agrees with him, the sooner he leaves the better; those who are really deriving benefit from the climate, feel utterly miserable while this wind prevails. The resident medical men will not admit that it is possible to be injured by the mild, unchangeable climate of Funçhal; but all experience proves the contrary. I No general rule can be laid down; but if the invalid feels conscious that in his case it is so, let me caution him against being induced to remain by any representation whatever; should the climate really agree with him, it is advisable to remain over one summer, which is passed in the mountains, where at night the air is pleasantly cool. The softness of the air in this island is really surprising, where therefore all that is required is to keep the patient free from any irritating cause; where the delicacy is simply local, and not accompanied by much physical weakness, this climate will be beneficial; but I am firmly impressed with the opinion, that when the whole 23 system is debilitated: where want of tone gives an opportunity for this dreadful disease, to fasten its fangs on the lungs, where many of the usual symptoms of the disease are apparent, but which arise chiefly, if not entirely from a relaxed system and feeble *vis vitæ* ; this place will be deadly in its consequences. The weather in the summer months, is not so distressingly hot, as the mildness of the winter would lead you to expect; on the hills it is quite endurable.

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CHAPTER II.

VOYAGE TO LISBON.—APPEARANCE OF THE CITY.—PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—CUSTOM HOUSE.—AMUSEMENTS.—BELEM.—CONVENT AND CHURCH OF ST. JEROME.—ECCLESIASTICAL BEGGING.—POLITICAL AND MORAL STATE.—UNION WITH SPAIN.—APPEARANCE OF PORTUGUESE LADIES.—DRESS.

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—JEWELLERY.—VEHICLES.—INTERNAL COMMUNICATION.—RAILWAYS.—
CLIMATE.—EARTHQUAKES.—CINTRA.

LITERALLY wearied with everlasting sunshine, and an unchanging climate, I took my passage, with about twenty others, in a Lisbon schooner, called the “Zargo;” she was about 120 tons burthen, and her accommodation indifferent; but her little captain was all mirth and liberality, always humming, night and day, the same monotonous tune. No fault could be found with our treatment, for not only coffee, but “Curaç;oa” or “Maraschino” were forthcoming for those who rose early enough to welcome the sun, after his evening dive, and meal after meal, well cooked, and various, followed each other in rapid succession during the day. My cabin was in the round house on deck, and dry 25 and cool, but the passengers below, many of whom never appeared until we were off the bar at the mouth of the Tagus, must have suffered severely. I recollect one rather striking arrangement; the men and women occupied the same cabin, and this for six days and nights: comment is unnecessary.

It was evening as we entered the Tagus; the bold sharp peaks of Cintra pierced the sky to the left, the river swarmed with craft of all sizes; most singular looking boats, a sort of cross between an old Roman galley and a New Zealand canoe, slid quickly through the water under the influence of the breeze. To the right, rose the lofty and picturesque bank of the river, studded with villages glowing in the rays of the setting sun; and to the left, stretched far away, the long line of white houses, rising tier abovetier, here and there overtopped by some huge palace or towering dome. The little white tower of “Belem,” a perfect gem in its way, stands obtrusively in the stream; proud of its beauty, it courts observation* near it is the convent and chapel of St. Jerome, the most interesting building in Lisbon.

* This tower has been restored in the most costly manner, by the present King, who possesses a strong architectural taste.

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Few cities look so imposing as the capital of Portugal, which is situated, like old Rome, on seven gently swelling hills, and varies in width, from a mere line of houses to a mile and a half; its length is about seven miles, but in this large area is contained a scanty population, not more, according to the prevailing opinion, than 230,000 people. No census has been taken, though several attempts have been made to do so.

From the river, which is a splendid stream, the city looks its best, offering to the eye of the traveller, handsome wide streets and colonnaded squares; yet is it an architectural "Pecksniff," a whitened sepulchre. If Washington be well described as a city of "magnificent distances," Lisbon may, with equal truth, be called one of magnificent "conceptions." The finest streets and squares were designed by the Marquis de Pombal, whose ambitious taste outstripped the resources of his country, even in his own time. Like the proprietor of many an Irish estate, he omitted to calculate his revenue, when he consulted his architect, and has in consequence hampered the Lisbonese with so large and costly a home, that they have never been able, either to complete it or occupy it; and the result is but too apparent, in mere shells of houses, unfinished gateways, public buildings half unroofed, and deserted though striking "plazas." As however, a century ago, Portugal was thriving and wealthy, and held a comparatively high position among European nations, that which to-day seems to have been reckless extravagance, might then have appeared justifiable. Formerly much wealth came to Lisbon from the "Brazils," but since the separation of that Empire from Portugal, that source of revenue has much diminished; and the slave trade is almost annihilated since the invention of steamers, though a few vessels are still built in the villages on the banks of the Tagus, for that infamous traffic. Crippled therefore in two of the most profitable branches of its trade, and the country in a continual state of political ferment, what hope is there that the conceptions of the Marquis de Pombal will be fully realized,—that his bleaching skeletons will ever be instinct with life?

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We anchored off the custom-house, and close to the still unfinished “black horse” square, which is undoubtedly the finest in Lisbon, and where are situated, the municipal chamber, the treasury, the offices of the minister of justice, finance, and foreign affairs, the war and marine departments, and the tribunal of commerce. The exchange is a very commodious building, and the custom-house one of the largest and finest in Europe, calculated in fact for a trade ten times as large as the present commerce of Lisbon, and quite as troublesome as it is gigantic. 28 The traveller must be meek and long suffering indeed, if his temper be not ruffled for a week, by the solemn, tedious, vexatious, and harassing formalities through which he is made to pass. Long experience has familiarized the writer with almost every custom-house in Europe, and he has no hesitation in saying, that few, if any, equal that of Lisbon, for slow torture, and utter disregard for the self-respect of those who pass through it. Why should a man's body be stroked down, like that of a convict entering a hulk? Why should his welcome be heralded by any such personal indignity? Open a trunk or carpet bag if you like, but do not treat a stranger as a felon, because it is just possible, he may have more than four cigars, or a cake of soap in his pocket. A poor invalid was brought ashore, from the ship, on a couch; still these “Harpies” crowded round his bed, thrust their hands under the blankets, hunting for cigars! an act, it must be admitted, of almost unparalleled cruelty. Being a high-spirited man, the indignity, the noise and confusion, brought his disease to an early termination; the next morning he died, and we buried him in the Protestant cemetery, near the tomb of “Fielding.” My bedroom, at the Braganza, was exactly opposite his, and it will be difficult for me to forget my horror at being suddenly awoken, by the screams and 29 heart-rending woe, of his young and pretty wife. On board she had been the admiration of all; never for a moment, day or night, did she leave his cabin; a chair at the door was her sole resting-place; patient, uncomplaining, but sad.

The Braganza hotel is without doubt the best in Lisbon, and either from the roof which is flat, or from the balconies in front, the view is most extensive. The best part of the City as far as Belem lies before you; the river expanding almost to a lake and thickly studded

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with merchantmen and men of war, the imposing banks and the high hills in the interior, the constantly varying effects of light and shade over the immense space on which the eye rests, all combine to produce a scene rarely equalled; and were a travellers opinion of this city to be based on this view alone, it would be most erroneous; let him go to the top of the aqueduct, Nossa Senora do Monte, or the “Estrella,” and in every direction evident signs will appear of a city which has outgrown its resources, and whose palmy days are gone by. Long straggling suburbs half fill up the valleys, and crooked, narrow, and filthy streets, cover the sides of the hills, while brown-looking decaying convents often crown their summits; ruins and rubbish alternate with lovely gardens, and buildings, which would have done credit to the age 30 of Augustus, rise obtrusively prominent from the midst of dirt and debris of all kinds. It is indeed a city of contrasts, a very fair representation of the character of its inhabitants.

Lisbon is a dull city, and contains but little which will detain a traveller long. The aqueduct, the Queen's Palace of the “Necessidades,” and the “Ajuda” half finished and almost entirely unfurnished, the chapel and convent of “St. Jerome,” at Belem, the excellent mosaics in the church of “St. Roque,” a stroll or two through the best parts of the town, not omitting the public gardens, and the very excellent and amusing markets, will suffice. The public amusements are few, the opera is cheap but very indifferent, and on the rising of the curtain, an odour pervaded the whole house which to a sense not yet drilled into accordance with the Lusitanian taste, was most unpleasant. The royal family were on several occasions present, but the loyal demonstrations were very feeble; there was no enthusiasm, no spirit evinced; conventional duty and respect, but that was all. The theatre is handsome, but very badly lighted. The fair frequenters of our theatres in England, would rebel most heartily against such a shroud to their toilettes.

A lovely afternoon, and a favorable tide, tempted me to take a boat from the “Caes 31 Sodre,” for Belem; we drifted quickly down the stream, passing numerous gaily painted floating baths, and a good many small craft, anchored in the stream; while, lower down, a small squadron of British men of war, were ‘beating’ out to sea. The great number of

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English names on the wharves, and inscriptions in the same language, nearly all of which had reference to shipping and its various requirements, showed conclusively how large a proportion of the commerce was in English hands; and long lines of stores, shut up and rapidly hastening to decay, told the same lesson of former prosperity, and present stagnation, everywhere to be read in Lisbon.

We landed at a good stone pier, not far from the convent and church of St. Jerome, which merit a rather detailed description; they were commenced by Emmanuel the Great, in 1499, and completed by his son. From the spot on which they stand, Vasco di Gama embarked on his memorable voyage of discovery, round the Cape of Good Hope; and here he offered up prayer to the Almighty, for success and a blessing on his enterprise.

The architecture is partly Moorish, partly Norman Gothic; the entrance is magnificent, and the interior charmingly beautiful. The pillars supporting the roof are of white marble 32 very light and elegant, and in the afternoon the sun-shine effects in various parts of the building are exquisite. Let the visitor not forget to examine the pulpits which are most elaborate, and to bribe the verger to shew the embalmed bodies of the king and his wife which are behind the grand altar. The faces are still perfect though 200 years have elapsed since the day of their death. The cloisters are very fine, surrounding a court adorned with fountains and grass plots. Along each side of this square runs a light and spacious colonnade, paved with marble and teeming with beautiful tracery, surrounded by ornamented windows. Unhappily decay is here at work, and ere long much of this beautiful building will be destroyed, unless both money and care are expended upon it,—things scarcely to be looked for in the present state of affairs here. The convent is now used as an asylum for deaf, dumb, and blind children, and is pretty well attended to.

In my walk home from Belem, I followed for some distance the strains of a bag pipe, and on overtaking the player, found that he was attended by a bare-headed man in a red cloak, who carried a scarlet flag, with a dove engraved upon it. This flag was thrust by him into every open doorway or shop, whose occupants immediately uncovered, kissed

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the dove, and at the same 33 time put into the bag carried by the standard bearer, one or more pieces of money, chiefly copper. No “gallego” or other poor person met by the insatiable ecclesiastical beggar could escape; a small part of his hardly-earned receipts was sure to be demanded and given. Let us hope that the money thus extorted, was at least expended well. Many persons closed their doors before the bagpipe reached their dwellings, and thus avoided a demand, which otherwise they would probably not have been able to refuse.

Politics have of late years run very high in Lisbon, but it seemed to me that they took a decidedly personal turn, that the quarrel was more with men than measures, though since the time of Don Pedro, they have had half-a-dozen constitutions. Circumstances took me a good deal into the society of several members of the Portuguese legislature, and the opinion I formed of them was, that they were too impulsive to be practical, and made better speeches than acts of parliament. It is a matter of notoriety that the present constitution does not work well. Perhaps it would not be uncharitable or untrue to say, that a little more personal honesty and a better education among the people would make it work better. Under the present constitution both chambers, are elective. The Queen* was

* It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the Queen of Portugal died in 1853. C

34 personally unpopular, and this is almost the necessary consequence of the state of those over whom she reigns; she being blamed for their faults; though probably her Brazilian education was not calculated to train her well in the science of governing a nation, with some aspirations after freedom, though not yet sufficiently alive to the proper meaning of the word:—as it is, a semi-revolutionary state seems a chronic disease in Portugal. The Government is completely impoverished, and as the salaries of all official persons are miserably small and always in arrear, they manage, by taking a toll out of the money which passes through their hands, to solve that very difficult arithmetical problem, of “how to spend half-a-crown out of a shilling a day,”—and as custom that *arbiter morum* sanctions this, there is no disgrace attached to it. Every department of the public service of course suffers; the ships of war lie rotting in the bay, and the very soldiers beg of the

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passing stranger, while dressed in the uniform of their corps; at least they have done so of me on many occasions. Who could help sighing over a country which by nature is so highly favoured in soil, climate, and geographical position, but which so utterly neglects the advantages bestowed upon it by providence? Though perhaps it is wrong, as some witty person has said, to expect much good from a country, where the Queen lives in the Palace of Necessity (Necessidades), the prime minister in the Travessa de Ladrones, or thieves lane, and the height of Joys, belongs exclusively to the dead.*

* The principal cemetery of the Town is called the Alto dos Plazeres or "Height of Joys." c2

There is a strong feeling among the people, that a union with Spain would politically be desirable, and they imagine should this ever take place, that Lisbon would then become the Capital of the United Kingdom, instead of Madrid, which is known to have no advantage, except a central position. The Spaniards and Portuguese it is true hate each other most cordially, but feelings generally give way to interest, and several works have lately been published in Lisbon advocating the union, which have been extensively read and approved. In a financial point of view the gain would be enormous. The Lisbonese imagine that England would throw obstacles in the way, but I have no doubt they are mistaken; for unless Portugal modifies her present tariff, it would not be worth while for England to interfere, and this there is no sign of it at present.

I am really sorry that I cannot compliment the ladies of Lisbon, on so sensitive a subject as their personal appearance, but in truth they are far from good-looking; their complexions are sallow, the features coarse, and the figure short and often deformed; they have (I am half afraid to say it, but it is true) the features of the negro without the woolly hair. The ugliness is so general that no difference of opinion can exist about it; the stranger may walk from one end of Lisbon to the other without seeing one pretty face, and should there be in a ball room or theatre, an exception, enquiry will shew her to be no Portuguese. They do not walk so well as the Spaniards; often have I smiled at a little humpty dumpty Portuguese lady covered with lace, and bedizened with jewels, walking

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to church on a “Festa,” attended by her maid,—every action indicating a consciousness that she is *en grande tenue*, that the slatternly negligence of home, is exchanged for the elaborate display, without which she would scorn to appear in public. Almost all classes are in possession of valuable ornaments, and great must be the personal privation before they can be induced to part with them. Whole streets called “gold street” and “silver street,” are almost entirely occupied by jewellers' shops. The men are equally fond of massive rings, chains, and studs.

The dress is modelled after the latest Paris fashion; none but the lowest orders wear a national costume, which consists among the 37 women of a large cloak of cloth (generally brown) and a white handkerchief thrown over the head and pinned under the chin,—clean-looking and appropriate. The men wear a broad high peaked hat, or flat “sombbrero,” a waistcoat of gaudy colours, knee breeches or trousers, bound round the waist by a scarlet sash, with a jacket richly ornamented with buttons and filagree work. One of the chief characteristics of the population is its decidedly African character; this is visible, not only in the features, but in the whole formation of the body. The first glance at the boatmen, who crowd around the vessel, as soon as she drops her anchor, will satisfy the traveller of this; and the more intimate his knowledge of the people, the more will his first impression be confirmed; he will meet too, more “black” faces in the streets, than are to be seen in any capital of Europe, except Constantinople. For this there are very sufficient reasons;—a century or two ago, the intercourse of the Portuguese, with the coast of Africa, was greater than that of any other nation; the possession of the Brazils brought them into constant contact with a large negro population, and it is not libelling them to say that they have been the most inveterate slave dealers in the world. How could they hope under such circumstances, to preserve their purity of race?

38

The finest part of the population of Lisbon, are not Portuguese, but Northern Spaniards—several thousands of whom are the hewers of wood and drawers of water in this city. Every one has heard of the “gallego,” and he who like the writer has travelled much by the

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peninsular steamers will have been brought into contact with them, much more often than is agreeable. The return of these people to their native country at Vigo, with huge chests of clothes, and the savings of many years toil in a foreign land, is an interesting sight. But it must be admitted that they are not pleasant companions at sea in rough weather. The smooth water of the bay of Vigo, suits them better.

The vehicles of all classes in Lisbon are very old-fashioned and admirably adapted to stimulate peristaltic action. A few omnibuses have of late been introduced, and as they are cheaper than the “Calesse” are tolerably well filled, but that mediæval affair the old “calesse” jolting along and almost requiring a ladder to mount into it, is still the favourite; the carts are quite curiosities; the wheels are solid circles of wood without spokes, precisely similar to those used by the Egyptians. The wheel is fixed tight to the axle and turns with it, not on it, making a most horrible grating noise. People are in most countries slow to adopt new customs and notions, but it is really singular that so inconvenient, old and primitive a machine should have so long stood its ground. I recollect being told by a gentleman, long resident at Gibraltar, that he found it impossible to induce his gardeners to thin his fruit at “Campo,” their reason being, that “God would not have allowed the trees to be so full of fruit, unless it were best for them to be so;” neither would they adopt the light English iron plough, admirably adapted for the soil, but continued to use the Spanish wooden plough tipped with iron. “Thus has it been, so let it ever be,” appears the creed of a Spaniard or Portuguese.

The general character of the country is hilly or indeed mountainous, and the means of internal communication are as indifferent as they were two centuries ago. There may be said to be literally no roads, except one (and that in a wretched state) between the capital and Oporto, and on this road the traffic between the two most important cities of the kingdom, is not sufficient to support one public conveyance. An occasional communication is kept up by water by means of a small Portuguese steamer, but the usual mode adopted of reaching Oporto from Lisbon, is actually to take the chance of the English mail steamer, being able to land passengers 40 at the bar off the mouth of the Douro, (which for 6

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months in the year it is rarely possible for her to do,) in which case the unfortunate traveller is carried on to Vigo, 90 miles north of his destination, and must retrace his steps on horseback for 3 or 4 days over ranges of mountains crossed by mere bridal paths. Those who know how foreigners always suffer at sea will be able to appreciate at once the state of the accommodation on land, when a voyage of 36 hours is chosen as the less disagreeable alternative;—again between Lisbon and Madrid, a steamer conveys you a few miles up the Tagus, whence there is nothing for it but a journey of 6 or 7 days on horseback. And through the southern provinces, nothing but the direst necessity ever induces locomotion. The “Algarves” are as little visited as Timbuctoo. It really seems hardly credible that such should be a correct description of a country situated in the heart of European civilization, in the middle of the 19th century, yet it is as those who know it will testify. I have visited Portugal repeatedly during the last 10 years, and so lately as the year 1853, the state of things was as I here describe it. Railways have been talked about, and “concessions” made, but no real WORK done. The Portuguese like to feast their imagination and gratify their vanity, by talking about such things; no people in the world are more fond of high-sounding names, and great designs on paper, but unfortunately for the material progress of the country, they have not sufficient sense of shame to blush for the state in which they allow one of the finest countries of Europe to languish.

I should not imagine that the climate is a good one for an invalid, though it is fine and dry; it very rarely freezes, and there is but little rain; the sunshine is most beautiful: but guard against the keen air whistling through the streets. In the hot weather of summer, those who can afford it, either go to Cintra, or to their country houses, at the mouth of the river, where the sea bathing is excellent, and the air pure. The habits of the people are inconceivably dirty; there is not a sewer in the city, and the houses are almost without exception, unprovided with the necessary appendage, to even the meanest cottage in England; the result may be conceived. Can anything more clearly indicate an innate coarseness of feeling?

Some traces of the great earthquake still remain; here and there a huge windowless, roofless, and roomless mass, picturesque by moonlight, but saddening by day; fearful memento of wrath stands to tell the tale of that 42 terrible convulsion. Slight shocks are continually felt, and when I was in Lisbon, about five years ago, were so unusually powerful, that some fear was excited lest a recurrence of this calamity were imminent. The Portuguese have a theory, that nature takes a hundred years to produce an earthquake on a grand scale, and as that period had nearly elapsed, they were frightened in proportion. At Naples, one cannot but be conscious, that the city is built over "hidden fires;" on one side is the ever-active Vesuvius, and on the other the "Solfatara," and an evident communication exists between them. Hot springs and steaming sulphur poison the air everywhere: but at Lisbon no such signs exist; here is nothing but a soil prolific beyond measure,—no streams of lava,—no hills of calcined stones, thrown up 1,500 feet in one night, (as the Monte Nuovo, near Naples),—no smoking craters,—no boiling water struggling into day. Still the belief, that Lisbon will again be destroyed by a similar throe of nature, is prevalent, and perpetuated, year after year, by the recurrence of slight shocks.

Let no one leave Lisbon without paying a visit to Cintra. This ridge of abrupt and rugged rocks, rising from a level plain, capped by most beautiful and interesting edifices, and commanding, on all sides, varied views of land and 43 water, it would be almost a sin to leave unvisited. The remembrance of the intense pleasure, I derived from this excursion, will always remain a bright spot in my memory. To attempt description, would simply be to tell an oft-told tale, and as the eye more than the mind is gratified, would probably fail to do it justice. Those who do not mind a little fatigue, and more garlic, may pass two or three days, agreeably, in a trip round the lines of "Torres Vedras."

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CHAPTER III.

GIBRALTAR.—ENTRANCE OF THE STRAITS.—VIEW OVER THE BAY.—SUNSET.
—DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN.—SCENERY WITHOUT THE WALLS.—ALAMEDA.

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—CONVICT ESTABLISHMENT.—SOUTH BARRACKS.—ROSIA BAY.—EUROPA POINT.—WINDMILL HILL PRISON.—PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—ELDERS.—MIXED POPULATION.—COMMERCIAL SQUARE AND ITS AUCTIONS.—SIGNAL STATION.—GALLERIES.—CAVES.—NEUTRAL GROUND.—RACE COURSE.—BURIAL GROUND.—SPANISH LINES.—CAMPO.—ST.ROQUE.—CORK-WOOD.—ALGECIRAS.—CLIMATE.—SOCIETY.

FROM Lisbon to Gibraltar by steamer,—the run down the coast was fine. The shore (except at Cadiz bay) is rocky and bold, and in the straits the outline of the African Coast from Cape Spartel to Mons Abyla, particularly rugged.

There are few grander or more interesting scenes than this entrance to the Mediterranean; nature has been profusely lavish of her charms, and history is her twin sister.

The weather was perfect; one of those quiet sunshiny windless days when nature is at rest, 45 basking in its own indolence. Nothing appeared to move but ourselves ourselves; not a sound was heard save the stroke of the paddles on the glassy sea, and the panting breath of the engine; all else was still; when suddenly the evening gun flashed a startling welcome from the signal station at the top of the rock of Gibraltar, passing like a spasm over the repose of the scene, and reverberating loudly among the Spanish hills, died away at last in a feeble tremor.

Few are unacquainted either with the situation or external appearance of Gibraltar. It is hardly necessary to say that it is a ridge of rock about 3 miles long, connected with Spain by a narrow flat isthmus of low sand, and almost wholly surrounded by the waters of the Mediterranean sea. From the water its aspect is barren and forbidding; it appears a mere mass of natural reck rock, with long lines of white fortifications at the waters' edge, enclosing a neat looking little town. Yet are there here and there on this apparently naked lump of stone, spots of unspeakable fertility and loveliness, while almost every element of

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natural scenic beauty on all sides surrounds it. Charms previously latent will day by day
clay be revealed, "He who knows it best will like it most."

We anchored among a crowd of shipping 46 lying off the "old Mole," and had not a
little indulgence been extended to us, could not have entered the fortress that evening.
—Happily that very important functionary the "key sergeant," had either received his
instructions* or was not disposed that evening to execute his duties with unnecessary
unnecessary harshness, for the "Waterport" gates were kept open a few minutes
minutes after the proper time for closing them had arrived, and we were permitted to
land. A rush took place to secure rooms at the "Club House" hotel, where being an old
acquaintance I was fortunate enough to obtain a couple of rooms overlooking the bay.
Here telescope in hand have I passed day after day, never weary of the scene. At all hours
it varies; in the morning the opposite shore and the beetling grim cliffs of Africa are lit up
by the sun, while the rock of Gibraltar is all darkness and gloom; in the afternoon the Rock
is all light all light and gladness, while the barren brown hills of Spain hide behind their
envious shade the brilliant orb of day. Sunset here is magnificent; nowhere, not even in the
tropics have I seen the tints more glowing, or the clouds more niore beautifully piled.

* A Member of the Governor's family was on board.

"Slow sinks more lovely ere his race be run, "Behind Hispania's shores the setting sun;
"Not as in Northern climes obscurely bright, "But one unclouded blaze of living light."—
Byron.

47

The bay is always full of life and motion, but as treacherous as it is beautiful; in a strong
East wind or "Levante" the gusts sweep across its waters, driving the send in silvery
clouds before its blast, or whirling the waters round and round in eddying circles of foam.*
From every point of view within the town, the bay of Gibraltar seems to be a lake, for
though the width of the straits is no where less than 14 miles, the African shore appears

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to meet the Spanish coast at "Cabrita" point, from whence a range of hills about 2500 feet high, sloping gradually to the water, bound the view; at the foot of which lies the town of Algeciras. Further on, round the whole sweep of the bay, the shore is low and unbroken except by a few slight traces of ancient "Cartëia," the little white village of "Campo," and the town of St. Roque, situated on a hill about 3 miles from the shore. Inland rises the mountain chain about "Ronda," brown and bleak. A little to the right is the narrow strip of flat sandy ground on which are the Spanish and British lines with the narrow space called the neutral ground between them. From this sandy plan the Rock of Gibraltar rises, in

* While this wind blows no boat belonging to English men of war is snowed allowed to hoist a sail; there is a standing order in the service against doing so; and the boats belonging to the place exercise the same caution as much as possible, for accidents frequently occur.

48 complete and startling isolation, a natural wall of perpendicular stone 1450 high. Its length is about 3 miles, and there are three peaks or rather summits of almost equal altitude. On the nearest to Spain is the celebrated Rock gun, the next a little lower is capped by the signal station, and on the third, lower still is O'Hara's tower. The highest part of the rock is about halfway between O'Hara's tower and the signal station. The whole face of the rock looking towards the neutral ground, is seamed and cut up both within and without into a perfect maze of fortifications. Battery after battery, ditch glacis and counterscarp line the approach to the town from this quarter, and zig-zag walls stretch tortuously halfway up the side of the hill, while powerful batteries jut far out into the bay. Added to which, an artificial lake has been formed which prevents all access from this side except by a narrow road a few yards wide, upon which so terrific a fire can be kept up, that I was assured even so small an object as a grasshopper could not survive the first discharge. Along the sea line from hence to the new mole or clock dock yard, white stone walls and formidable projecting bastions defend the town; while every here and there among the houses, which cling to the steep side of the hill, new batteries have been constructed. Every spot is commanded 49 by the works, and almost every level spot on

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which 100 men could stand has been cut away or scarped. Towards the south the town is defended by a line of fortifications carried up the side of the rock until they meet a natural cliff some 200 or 300 feet high. These works were constructed by the Emperor Charles the 5th, and over the south gateway are still to be seen the united arms of Austria and Spain. Sentinels and guard-rooms meet the eye everywhere. Bugles, fifes, and drums are scarcely one moment silent; daylight is heralded by the loud boom of a gun, and a fitful flash from the same source quivers through the darkness of gathering night. All is military pomp, noise and restraint. The town within the walls is about a mile long, and consists of narrow streets, sometimes very steep (then called "Ramps,") large barracks, commissariat and ordnance stores, and officers quarters; with one or two small open squares. The public buildings are none of them worth comment; the private houses are usually small, and not very well calculated for the heat of the climate. The roofs are flat; and are not unfrequently adorned by the week's wash of linen, hanging to dry; while within, as the horses often occupy the ground floor, a decidedly stable smell is apparent. The English residents furnish their houses during the D 50 winter, after the English fashion; but in the hot months of summer, the rooms are as much denuded of carpets and furniture as possible. Every house is provided with a tank, which is supplied by the rain water from the roof, carried into it by gutters and pipes; the drainage is worse than indifferent. The best parts of the town are clean, but where the Barbary Jews and Moors congregate, the state of things is horrid. In former days, when the smuggling trade into Spain was prosperous, land was so valuable that every foot was economized; rents were enormous, and are still comparatively high, though the LEGITIMATE trade of the place is very small; and since the residence of General Narvaez at Gibraltar, the ILLEGITIMATE or smuggling trade has been made too expensive to leave much profit. There are now too many officers to bribe. That General Narvaez did not waste his time while on the Rock in profitless idleness is tolerably notorious, and therefore on his return to power in Spain he had acquired information which was not allowed to remain unproductive. There is a homely proverb known to English policemen which might not inaptly be applied in his case. On the subject of the trade of the place its inhabitants are peculiarly sensitive, and probably all the

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more so, as it really is not easy to defend it. The trade in tobacco⁵¹ and cigar making is extensive, and I believe blameless; and of course a great number of people are supported by business connected with shipping. At times through a prevalence of west and north westerly winds vessels cannot beat through the straits and are compelled to anchor off Gibraltar or Algeciras, where I have known them to be detained two months. Last winter an enormous fleet were thus detained, at one time nearly 400 vessels. This is of course a source of great profit to all on the rock. The revenue benefits largely, and the shopkeepers are not heard to complain.

Let us however pass on now to a description of the scenery, outside the walls of the town, towards the south. A few yards takes us into the parade ground, public garden or alameda, prettily laid out, with winding paths and summer houses, but defaced by most grotesque statues. Even here, in this lovely garden, sunken batteries mar the beauties of nature, latent angues in herba. In the spring months, when the almond and orange trees are in blossom, and the flowers in their prime, when the dust is washed by the winter showers, from the leaves of the geranium, the myrtle, the showy Barbadoes aloe, the flora pasqual, and the endless tribe of flowering creeping plants; when an almost tropical vegetation, fresh from the bath, D2⁵² mingles its luxuriant beauties with the dark rocks above, and the smiling water below, a stroll through this spot is most enticing. The mode in which the garden is laid out, forms a striking contrast to the long straight rows of trees and dusty promenade of a true Spanish Alameda. Here the ground is uneven, full of little mounds crowned with white pagodas and summer houses with little glens or dells beautifully laid out in irregular cottage gardens;—footpaths and bridle paths twine and twist about in every direction. The profusion of orange blossoms growing near the latter, has given rise to a bad Gibraltar pun, viz. that it is quite right that the bridal path should be strewn with orange flowers. The regimental bands play on the parade ground two or three times a week in the afternoon, when almost every one halts for a moment in their drive or ride, and pedestrians stroll idly up and down under the agreeable shade of the wide spreading “bella sombra trees.” Above this garden an ascending and then descending

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road, offering through the branches of dark pine trees most lovely views of the blue bay, and Spanish hills, leads to the extreme south south of the rock; while below the Alameda along the line wall a level road brings you to the south barracks and the dockyard, and a group of cottages and houses 53 which almost form a second town. From hence to Europa point, perched on bold rocky eminences, courting the seabreeze from the straits or nestling in deep rocky chasms, are the houses of the chief resident officials, some of which are beautifully situated.* Nearly all have small gardens; the windows are always open to the refreshing seabreeze, and here the air is not only 6 or 7 degrees cooler than in the town, but it is also free from the exceedingly nasty and unhealthy smell which arises from the drains at low water. These drains are at present a disgrace to the government. Since the new fortifications have been built, and the breakwater thrown out, the refuse from the town is not freely carried away by the sea, but remains to pollute the air and generate disease. This neglect of common precaution is in a climate like this, quite inexcusable. The remedy is easy; nothing more would be required than to carry the sewers a few feet further into the sea. I understood that before this breakwater was finished, the resident medical men called upon the then commanding engineer and represented the great danger to the health of the town,

* The house at present occupied by the Captain of the Port would be considered a good one even in England while no one will ever forget the view from the drawing-room at "Glen Rocky" or from the house of Mr. A—y, G—1, C—.

54 which would ensue, if the works were proceeded with; the answer was "I am here to take care of the STRENGTH not the HEALTH of Gibraltar;" pithy but unsatisfactory.* Within the dockyard gates is the large convict establishment amounting at times to nearly 1000 men, who are employed upon the new fortifications. I attended divine service on one occasion at their chapel, and was pleased with the manner in which the Psalms were sung, and the quiet orderly demeanour of the prisoners. On entering they take off their shoes which are carried in the hand. The chaplain told me that he had some faint hope his labours were not entirely lost; that in those rare cases where a long course of good

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conduct during their stay in the hulks had induced the Home Secretary to remit part of the original punishment, the men had left

* During my stay at Gibraltar I suffered greatly from headache, and other bodily derangements from this cause; and so offensive is the smell that I was assured by residents in Irish town and the neighbourhood of the commercial square, that plate cleaned the previous day was constantly during one night only greatly tarnished by it. The engineer mess is close to the worst part of it, and at times in their ante-room the smell was insupportable. I may as well say that the quarters of the Colonel commanding the engineers are not within its influence. I presume after the troops have been decimated by intermittent fever this will be altered, and not till then.

55 with a sense of their former guilt, and a wish to lead for the future a life free from crime. But that amongst the convicts as a body, the prevailing opinion was, that they were most unjustly treated; that their punishment was far too great for their crime, and that this feeling prevented all remorse or reformation. His manner amongst them was kind and persuasive, and they appeared to entertain some respect for him. I fear, however, it is next to impossible to do much permanent good where so many men are packed so closely together as they are in these hulks. They must contaminate each other. At times the convicts escape into Spain, where as there is no extradition treaty between Spain and England they are free. To me it has always been a matter of surprise that this does not happen more frequently, for boats containing 30 or 40 men are constantly in the bay guarded by only one armed man, who might be easily overpowered; and by rowing at once amongst the shipping no guns from the fort could be brought to bear upon the boat, before it would reach the Spanish shore at the head of the bay.

While I was at Gibraltar last winter (1853), one convict did manage to effect his escape. The feat was so cleverly executed, that the poor fellow really deserved success. A gang 56 of convicts of whom he was one, were employed on some new casemate barracks under the line wall. All apparent possibility of escape is cut off by the conspicuous prison dress in which the convicts work, and by sentinels and watchmen being placed at the end of every

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passage, lane or street; it would therefore seem that escape by land was impossible. In this case, however, the man was missed, the alarm instantly given, flags were hoisted, muskets fired, and the intelligence flashed along the whole line of fortifications in a moment; the most rigorous search was made while daylight lasted, but in vain. The next morning it was known that a poor half drowned wretch had knocked at the door of a cottage in the village of "Campo" about midnight, and was free. He had crawled between the rafters of some unfinished flooring, then being laid down, remained in that position till dark, thence by means of a sewer obtained access to the sea, and made his way sometimes wading, sometimes swimming, for more than three miles along the bay shore, to the Spanish lines.

A little beyond the convict establishment, is a charming nook, called "Rosia bay," from whence the bold rocks jut out into the sea, in perpendicular masses 100 feet high, bidding defiance, alike to the assaults of nature or of 57 man. Here the scenery is most picturesque; huge boulders of rock lie in every direction, and deep chasms and caves tell plainly, that nature has, some time or other, been powerfully convulsed. Winding paths, at times actually overhanging the water, at others deep in the bosom of a huge fissure or rent, where sun-light rarely enters, present at each moment varied and lovely views, while the eye is literally tortured by the perfect maze of fortifications, engrafted by art on a spot, where nature had already, one would have supposed rendered such precautions unnecessary.

At Europa point, the extreme end of the rock, is a light-house, "placed (as the inscription informs us) by Adelaide Queen Dowager of Great Britain and Ireland, in the year 1836." From hence Ceuta is plainly visible, and far beyond, little white fleecy specs, high up in the sky, indicate the position of the highest peaks of the Atlas chain, where, even in summer, the snow never melts. These mountains rise to a height of 13,000 feet, and are about 200 miles from Gibraltar.

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On rounding the point, the view along the south-side of the rock is very fine; the smooth sea stretches far away in a gentle curve, its shore line dotted with little Spanish towns, and its surface freckled with many a sail; while the 58 little village of Catalan Bay, nestling timidly under the frowning rock, is now for the first time seen. It is garrisoned by a company of soldiers, from Gibraltar, and is a mere fishing village. Except this little sandy cove, all is precipitous rock on this side. Catalan bay is inaccessible from Europa point, but when the wind blows strongly from the east, the walk round the north end of the rock, to this sequestered nook, is most striking. Above, is a natural wall of rock, a quarter-of-a-mile high, and almost perpendicular; and at your feet a raging roaring surf, breaking furiously on the shore, while the pathway is scarcely more than a yard in width.

The flat ground, near Europa point, is now the scene of great engineering activity; new barracks and works of all kinds, are being constructed. It is said that, a boast of the Prince de Joinville, that he could land, at this part of the rock, from the yard-arm of a line-of-battle ship, sufficient men to take the place, has been the cause of this; but most probably this part of the rock is the least defended by nature; while the increased means of attack, given by the invention of steamers, and the improvement in guns and naval gunnery, have made some additional works necessary. At Europa point three or four guns are always kept loaded, as every vessel coming within range, is obliged to hoist her colours, under the penalty, on neglecting to do so, of being at first fired at, and after two or three wide shots, fired INTO.

The country house of the governor of the fortress, faces the Mediterranean near this spot, but the residence usually occupied by him, is within the walls of the town,—was formerly a convent, and is called so still. The house is poorly furnished, and the reception rooms, except the dining room, and ball room, are small. Attached is a well-kept and pretty garden.

On Windmill-hill, close to this spot, is the military prison, having cells for forty prisoners. The prison is clean, admirably arranged, and the discipline very strict; the punishments

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are severe. Flogging, solitary confinement, drill, shot exercise (which consists in lifting, without intermission, for three hours, a 32lb. ball from one spot, and putting it down on another), at the word of command, are the chief; the minor punishments consist in breaking stones, sleeping every third night on the bare floor, without bed or bedding, and the withdrawal of some few indulgences. Every man works 11½ hours a day; no occupation, with any variety or interest in it, is allowed. The prisoners appeared wretched and gloomy in the extreme. On the outside of the door of each cell a little card is fixed, stating the term of imprisonment, and the crime committed by the occupant; drunkenness, striking non-commissioned officers, and a few cases of theft, were the sole crimes. The prison was nearly full; the term of imprisonment ranged from six weeks to two years; the dietary is liberal and substantial. I came away with the conviction, that two years of such punishment, and such incessant controul, must utterly prostrate any man's mind and feelings,—he must leave it, a mere machine, without sense, either of pleasure or pain. To understand fully, the extent of punishment in this prison, it must be borne in mind, that the most rigorous military discipline, is superadded to the controul usually exercised in a jail. The prisoners undergo a course of instruction, while in prison.

The air here is invigorating and pure, a marked contrast to the stifling atmosphere of the town. From hence an agreeable walk along the upper road, carries you into the city. I have before said, that the public buildings, inside the walls of the fortress, scarcely deserve any comment,—I will, however just allude to them:—First in order comes the Protestant cathedral, a hideous heavy building, of Moorish architecture, built by the engineers; outside, it looks like a large fiat flat-roofed shapeless mausoleum, and within, the echo is so great and continuous, that not a word can be heard. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*; a military engineer, with his mind full of barracks, bastions, and redoubts, is pretty sure to fail, if allowed scope for his genius, as an architect, in civil matters. It is not strong enough to bear the weight and jar of a peal of bells, there are therefore none. This should be a subject of congratulation to the inhabitants, for the bell attached to the Roman Catholic

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Cathedral is rarely silent, and dismally harsh in tone; a second similar infliction would be scarcely endurable.

The bishop is rarely here, as Malta is the most central point of his large diocese. The archdeacon is the resident civil chaplain, and some poor fellow, whose health will not allow him to live in England, is usually tempted, by the dignity of an honorary canonry, to be his coadjutor, without salary. The exchange, in which is a very good library and reading room, is I think the most creditable building in Gibraltar, and the law courts are also convenient and well arranged. In front of the latter is a small garden, where some pepper trees, planted by the registrar of the court only five years ago, are now grown into fine shady trees, probably 25 feet high: an instance of rapid growth, rarely to be seen in a climate not tropical.

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The Roman Catholic Cathedral (except that it possesses a tower and a bell), makes no external pretentious whatever; and within, the lover of the fine arts would not find much to gratify his taste.

The Roman Catholic Bishop, or rather “Vicar Apostolic” was for some time in hot water with his flock. There exists in Gibraltar a body of men called “Elders” who are elected each year by the congregation, and have entire control over the revenues of the church. This very presbyterian institution is quite foreign to the discipline of the Roman Catholic Church. I believe it exists nowhere else amongst that body, and it has existed from time immemorial here. It is not of British growth. The “fungus” is indigenous. It was perhaps only natural that the present vicar apostolic should not approve of it, and decline to recognise the authority of the elders. But they, much to their credit, insisted upon his surrendering into their charge, the fees arising from the church; and on his refusal, the court of chancery was applied to, that the matter might be decided. It decreed compliance with the established custom, and Dr—was for some time imprisoned for contempt of court, in not obeying its decree.

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The Roman worship is much toned down and simplified by its contact with Protestantism; 63 here are no holy toe-nails and other absurdities. The Church (there is but one with the exception of a little Chapel at the South) is decorated, but not so much as greatly to offend the eye.

The Jews in Gibraltar are a very numerous body and possess four rather handsome synagogues. Many of them are wealthy, but by far the greater part of the Jewish population are dirty in their persons and habits, and possess to an almost exaggerated degree, the features and cunning twinkle of the eye, characteristic of their race. They may be seen in filthy brown striped "berhouse" or long gown, leaning against the door posts, or seated on the step, eagerly trafficking; their faces almost touching in the eagerness of their pursuit. They appear to converse more with the face and hands than with the lips; some of their customs are said to be most peculiar. Previous to marriage the intended wife sits on the side of a bed, for a week, in full dress, with painted eyebrows, hands covered with jewels, and the nails also stained, to receive visitors. Every Jewish woman in this part of the world on marriage, shaves the head and wears a wig; and so rigidly is this adhered to, that an English Jewess of the better class who refused to comply with this custom, was on that account not visited by the ladies of her own persuasion. They never allow any 64 one to die in bed, but put them on the floor when they appear to be "in a dying state;" a ready way, it may be supposed of extinguishing the little life that remains. All the water in the house is also emptied at once, as the Jews of the lowest class believe, that Death (whom they personify) cleans his bloody sword after the stroke, in the water. Their houses are dirty and wretched, and the food upon which they live, of the poorest kind. They are chiefly Barbary Jews, and I believe are as low in the mental and physical scale as possible. I make these statements on the authority of one of the most respectable natives of the rock, and have no reason to doubt their truth.

Moors from Barbary also crowd the streets and walk most majestically; their tall, upright, manly figures, loosely envelopped in a white or brown robe, their legs generally

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stockingless, and their feet encased in bright yellow slippers;—the massive turban twisted tightly round the open and high fore-head, make an impression not readily effaced. They are not much darker in complexion than the Southern Spaniards, exhibiting in their faces indisputable marks of the purity of their race, and in their slow and dignified walk, the scorn which every true mussulman feels for the unbeliever. They frequent the theatre when it is opened for performance, 65 and seem to enter very fully into whatever may be represented, but their feelings with regard to the fair sex must be dreadfully shocked by the appearance of ladies on the stage.

The scene in the Commercial Square on an auction morning, is also most curious and entertaining. First of all, a few huge casks of leaf tobacco are disposed of; then probably the auctioneer mounts a little stool, with a desk about the size of an ordinary octavo volume attached to it, and offers to public competition, a most miscellaneous assortment of goods.—say a case of champagne, half-a-dozen old sails, Dutch cheeses, left off uniforms, odd volumes of books, a chain cable, a few spars, an iron bedstead or a chest of drawers, old nails, a few prints of sacred subjects, most grotesquely coloured to suit the Spanish peasants? taste, some soap, knives, needles and pins, and a bale or two of trumpery cotton prints; finishing probably with the sale of a horse, “warranted sound,” and only parted with because the owner is leaving the garrison.”—While this is going on, the ground is being strewn with the usual contents of a “marine store” in England, around which people gather, and traffic, nothing being apparently too old or valueless to find a purchaser. In about two hours all is gone, and the open space resumes its quiet half-deserted aspect E 66 until the band appears for evening gun fire.

Had I been an early riser I should have found the fruit and vegetable market amusing; but the sun does not appear over the rock until it has been shining an hour or two on the level country around; and mess dinners and whist parties in rather too rapid succession do not induce early hours in the morning. In Gibraltar, as in the United States, the gentlemen go early to market; the ladies are spared that trouble.

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No where can a greater variety of people language and dress be heard or seen than in the part of Gibraltar near the port, and particularly in Waterport-street; almost every country in the world is more or less represented. In other places a similar variety probably exists, but scattered thinly over a much larger space; here, it is concentrated as it were into one focus, a thick slowly moving mass; three minutes will take you from one end of it to the other.

Except the singularity and beauty of its situation, with the charming little spots scattered over the "Rock," there is not much to be seen in Gibraltar. The great lions are the lower and upper galleries, the "rock gun" signal station, O'Hara's tower, and St. Martin's and St. Michaels caves; all which can be comfortably visited in two days. The lower lines are far more useful as defences than the upper, but the latter are much more interesting to the non-military man, and the view from them is more beautiful. The panorama from the signal station is I should think scarcely equalled in Europe. The ascent is by a tolerable pathway, and is not very fatiguing. It takes about an hour of gentle walking, which gives time for an occasional halt to admire the scene below you. The town with its intricate fortifications, and little dots of parade grounds, looks like a white paper model, the vessels floating on the sluggish water, like little black flies; the lovely alameda is radiant with flowers of all colours, and orange trees in full fruit, while just above them, gaunt and sombre looking pine trees, relieved by red almond trees, in full blossom, crown the rocks. The eye travels over an immense tract of Spain, studded with white little towns, hamlets and castles, picturesquely perched on the tops of gently rising hills, with green fields of fresh barley waving at their feet. Behind this, rises the "Sierra Nevada," white with pure and seldom trodden snow. To the south, lies the town of Tangiers, and the horrid crags of Mons Abyla, 5,000 feet high, rising in an apparently perpendicular mass, from the water: beyond this, again, three distinct ranges of snow-capped mountains, forming the greater E2 68 Atlas chain tower in the sky. At your feet therefore, is a perfect garden of Eden, washed by the clear blue limpid, almost motionless, sea; while all around, a belt of Nature's giants isolate it, as it

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were, from the rest of the world. Who could think of the inconvenience or hardships of travel, with such a scene around him?

I left the garrison, one morning, with the intention of passing a week at the town of St. Roque, about six miles inland. Passing through the Waterport gate, and the adjacent fortifications, a rapid turn brought me to the level plain, which separates the bay of Gibraltar from the Mediterranean; on this plain are scattered, here and there, a few guard-houses, a kennel for the Calpé fox hounds, an enclosed burial ground for the troops; close to which, but unprotected in any way, are a few flat stones, indicating that here, in former days, the race of Israel were buried; and in singular and rather mis-placed juxtaposition with these records of mortality, is the circular race-course; while, a little further on, are the sheds and slaughter-houses, in which the cattle are fatted and killed, for the supply of the garrison. About 500 Barbary oxen are always kept here. There is also a little cultivated patch of garden ground, enclosed by a prickly pear hedge, in which vegetables are grown for the garrison, which 69 derives, however, its chief supply of these necessities from Spain; this garden is irrigated by means of a Persian wheel, turned by a poor blindfolded ox.

From this spot, the rock rises before you, in all its majesty; 1,450 feet of perpendicular stone; no view of it is so good as this. From the bay shore, or Algeciras, the isolation of the rock is perhaps better appreciated, but distance lessens its height and grandeur.

Let us pause here awhile, and think over the memorable events, which have given undying fame to the scene! There is not a mile of water or land, on which the eye now rests, where deadly strife has not raged. The first settlement made on the rock, appears to have been by the Moors, under "Tarik," in the year 708. The Carthaginians and Romans, although in possession of the adjacent country, neglected this barren spot. The Moors, however, immediately erected fortifications upon it; and it was hence that their predatory expeditions into Spain, generally started. From 708 until 1309, the Moors held the rock; in that year, the Spaniards, under Fernando the Fourth, laid siege to, and took it; six years afterwards,

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the Moors endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to recapture it; but after a two years' struggle, the Moorish colours again floated from the walls, in 1381.

70

The next struggle, to wrest the rock from the infidels, lasted four years, and was unsuccessful. Up to 1462, the history of this stronghold, is a continual succession of bloody contests, between the Crescent and the Cross, for its possession. In that year it finally fell, after tremendous efforts, into the hands of the combined Christian forces, and was held in peace by the Spaniards, until taken by the English fleet, under Admiral Rooke, in 1703. The next siege lasted ten years, but the small English garrison, of 3,000 men, successfully defended it, and by the treaty of Utrecht, the rock was finally ceded to Great Britain. In 1729, 17,000 men were fruitlessly marched into the Campimento of St. Roque, to besiege Gibraltar for the thirteenth time. In 1779, 14,000 men sat down before the place, which was then defended by the gallant Elliott. After four years, disheartened and discomfited, the besieging army retired. Since then (as the Handbook says), "pestilence alone has attacked Gibraltar;" the smuggler's gun, or the harmless salute, have been borne on its waters, and echoed amongst the neighbouring mountains, the mock battle has succeeded the real; the gay review, to the mangled limbs and distorted features of the slain. About a mile from the rock, stands the little cluster of houses, forming the village at the Spanish lines. The only house with two 71 stories, in the place, is the dwelling of the colonel commandant; all the rest are, to the last degree, poverty stricken. The uniform of the Spanish soldier, is made of grey frieze, and is mean looking; the men are under-sized, and by no means soldierlike in their walk or appearance, though their long stride enables them to march quicker than any other troops in Europe. The mounted police are fine picked men, who, in their large jaunty cocked hat, yellow glittering belt, and other showy accoutrements, both of rider and horse, look more like field marshals than simple policemen. Passing this spot, the road skirts the bay shore, and is a mere sand track; when the tide is out the road is good, and the favourite ride of the Gibraltar people. A few reeds grow out of the sand, other vegetation there is none; and after following the

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course of the bay, for about two miles, and turning inland to the right, we soon reach the little village, of Campo, one of the summer retreats of the merchants, and officers of the garrison; which is a mean-looking little place, but undoubtedly a beneficial change of residence, for the Gibraltar people. The climate is (particularly in the early summer months) very invigorating, after that of the rock; and it is not therefore surprising, that those who have derived benefit from it, should always speak of the place with affection. 72 Beyond this is a “Quinta” and farm, of several hundred acres, on whose rather trying soil, Mr. F— exercises his patience, as a farmer. The road thence turns inland, and rising, and falling, over undulating ground, mounts the hill, on which the town of St. Roque stands, about six miles from Gibraltar.—Nothing whatever is to be seen here; its only attraction is a capital hotel. Macrae's “fonda” is unexceptionably clean, and moderate in its charges; I do not know what the Gibraltar people would do without this hotel, for it fulfils a most important and interesting destiny. Here the newly-wedded, of all grades of society, sacrifice to the cold etiquette of the world, their first week or two of married life. They SHOULD be all in all to each other, for in this solitude they will find little to interfere with the proper concentration of their thoughts.

From St. Roque, it is an easy ride to the corkwood, and convent of Almoraima. Those who have been long in Gibraltar, talk of the corkwood most enthusiastically; to them it is the perfection of Sylvan scenery; the simple truth is, that there is nothing remarkable about it. The timber is nearly all small, and dead or dying under-brush, gives an air of desolation to many parts of it. Here and there, where the timber is thin, a few peeps of green grass, and sunshiny glades are visible,—that is all.

73

The goal to be reached, is the convent of Almoraima, now deserted, except by a solitary Priest, exiled thither, it is said for his sins; and an amazing colony of little boys and girls. The question of paternity might be a curious subject of enquiry, but there, at any rate, they are. The Priest officiates, occasionally, to a small congregation, of about thirty or forty peasants, from the neighbouring forest; he is not allowed to preach, but simply to perform

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mass. In a small room, used as a granary, are a few old books, the home of myriads of insects, and literally crumbling into dust, which have been well thumbed by the old monks of former days, but are not rare enough to be valuable to the book collector. Dogs, cats, and innumerable vermin overrun the whole place, which is a pitiable scene of desolation. An old tower, also a ruin, about a hundred yards from the convent, is the only other object within sight. The train of thought, which such buildings, in such a situation suggest, is most painful.

The streets of St. Roque are clean, the houses white, and every window in the place is defended by strong iron bars, or gratings, painted a bright green. The view over the country is extensive, but barrenness is its chief characteristic; long lines of stony hills, whose sides are partially covered with dark woods, stretch in every 74 direction, as is nature, so are the people, wild, rugged, and torpid.

Andalusia is however acknowledged to be by those who know it best, the China of Europe. All without it are, in the estimation of its people “barbarians;” prejudice, ignorance, and self-conceit, are the component parts of their “great wall” This singular self-conceit has prevented any material influence being exercised over them by the immediate propinquity of Gibraltar; though it must be confessed that propagandism of any kind, either political or religious, is studiously discountenanced by the Gibraltar authorities. This censorship is carried to the very verge of tyranny. No public meeting to discuss a local grievance is allowed, and the Gibraltar Chronicle, the only newspaper published on the rock, is subject to the most rigid examination on the part of two octogenarian officials. No original matter is allowed to appear in it, except it be the different “garrison orders,” which are at times original enough; all else is mere scissors work. It is in consequence, a poor shrivelled anatomy, the sort of thing an Englishman expects to find in a café in Rome or Naples, or possibly Vienna. In Gibraltar, liberty does not exist; *cedant arma togæ* , is reversed. The sentinels warn you off this place, and that; at night after 12 o'clock, a “pass” and a lamp are necessary, 75 as you walk along the streets, under penalty of an hour or two in one of the guard houses, unless an officer in uniform be with you, or you are bold enough to

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shout out “Officer” in gruff and disciplinarian tones. The officials in the civil departments have “passes” issued to them, which saves them from this nuisance, but a mere visitor is sadly annoyed by it.

It is not therefore a matter of surprise, that Protestantism has not gained many converts, education much advanced, or that the Spaniards cling as tenaciously as ever to every national habit.

At Algeciras on the Spanish shore of the bay, the same *laissez aller* state of things exists. The population of the Town is large, (at least 10,000 people), and the trade considerable for Spain; yet there is no harbour, and only a few stones carelessly thrown together as a landing place for passengers, although a toll of a “quarto” has been for some years paid by each person for the express purpose of building a good pier. This toll has doubtless shared the fate of most others in this country, that is, been embezzled in its transit from the payers to the treasury.

Algeciras is well worth a visit, and those who have not seen the more inland towns of Andalusia, will be struck with the semi-oriental character of the place and people. The streets are badly paved and very dirty, but the houses are clean, immaculately stuccoed and adorned with elaborately worked iron balconies and lattices. This is the great peculiarity of the Andalusian towns; every window is barred like a prison, but so brilliant is the green paint, with which the iron tracery is covered, that the effect is by no means sombre. The Andalusians delight in gaudy colours; red, blue, green, and every shade of yellow adorn their “plazas;” even the sentry boxes are often striped with these colours, and glitter like a Harlequin's coat in the sunshine.

The Alameda is pretty; the fruit markets worth a glance, the bull ring, or *plaza de toros* very good, and the Aqueduct, which spans a little valley close to the town, is light and graceful.

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A very tiny steamer plys between Algeciras and Gibraltar This little cockle shell is really quite a curiosity. The crew consist of a man to steer, and two little boys.

Gibraltar has of late years become a rather fashionable place of resort during the winter months; but the climate during the early spring months is variable, while its isolated situation makes it subject to high winds, and particularly to a damp depressing east wind which is very unhealthy to many persons. At the south end of the rock this “Levante” is much less sensibly felt than within the walls of the town. The range of the thermometer is generally slight, for the temperature does not change so much as the character of the weather. Nothing can be more different than the muggy Levante and the pure northerly breeze. And again the air at the south where a new hotel has lately been established, (by Robert, late head waiter at the Club house), differs essentially from that at the north end of the rock, and I must say I consider it much more healthy. Those who through ill health are alive to atmospheric changes, will not find the climate so good as that of Madeira, but certainly inferior to none in equality of temperature in Europe. Others who are merely delicate, without being positive invalids, will find much to amuse the mind, and nothing (which is after all of some consequence) to remind them that they are travelling for their health. The life and excitement of Gibraltar is anything but valetudinarian. Hunting with the Calpè fox hounds,* pic-nics in the corkwood,

* The Calpe fox hounds are the great “resource” of Gibraltar idleness. They meet twice a week in the district round St. Roque and the cork wood. There is very rarely a blank day, the fault generally is that the foxes are too numerous, and the scent becomes crossed. At times when the “meet” is at the “first venta” and the fox takes across the open ground near St. Roque, the field is quite exciting; but if the fox makes for the corkwood, it requires an enthusiast in the sport, to derive pleasure from it. A good many men mount Pink, and turn out in other respects very creditably. The Spanish farmers send in a good bill every year for alleged damage,—and think the English mad.

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78 or at the waterfall behind Algesiras, billiards and the racket court, with an hour or two spent in reading the papers and books in the admirable garrison library, pass the day pleasantly away. The funds of this library are in a very flourishing condition, and there is scarcely a book, newspaper, or review, which is not bought or taken in. Strangers are allowed (upon introduction by a member) free access to it as long as they stay, even for 4 or 5 months.

No one can leave Gibraltar without paying a just tribute to the kindness and hospitality which he is certain to receive there from all classes. In my case it would be most unpardonable to do so; and should these pages meet the eye of any of my kind friends in Gibraltar, let them be assured that it will be long before they are forgotten by one, who during several long visits to the rock, has uniformly been welcomed as a friend.

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CHAPTER IV.

CADIZ.—SITUATION OF THE CITY.—EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL APPEARANCE.—CUSTOM HOUSE.—SQUARES.—PUBLIC GARDENS.—DRESS.—PECULIAR HATS WORN BY THE CLERGY.—TEATRO PRINCIPALE.—BOLERO.—DISCOMFORT OF SPANISH HOUSES IN BAD WEATHER.—XEREZ.—SHERRY WINES.—PORT ST. MARY'S.—SAN LUCAR.—BONANZA.—STEAMER TO SEVILLE.—APPROACH TO THAT CITY.—THE “GIRALDA,” AND CATHEDRAL.—HOLY WEEK AND CEREMONIES.—THE ALCAZAR.—TOBACCO FACTORY.—EXCHANGE.—CEMETERY.—EASTER SUNDAY.—BULL FIGHT AND OPERA.—MUSEUM.—CARIDAD.—APPEARANCE OF THE CITY AND PEOPLE.—CLIMATE.—MODE OF SPENDING THE DAY IN ANDALUSIA.—RELIGION.—GAMBLING.—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.

FROM Gibraltar to Cadiz the passage was fine, and about six in the morning we were at anchor off the white walls of the latter place. The sunrose beautifully, gilding the houses and towers of this water washed city, pure to the eye as the rolling breakers

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which were foaming around its walls. The bay was crowded with shipping, and as the morning advanced, boat after boat spread their sails and careered over its placid surface. Except a distant range of hills to the east, the shores of the bay are flat; the city itself is therefore the spot on which the eye rests instinctively. Nothing can exceed the beauty of its position. A long narrow spit of land juts out into the sea, and widens at the extreme point; on this bulb (as it were) stands the city, surrounded by massive walls against which the sea breaks with great fury. The approach on the land side is exceedingly narrow and is very strongly defended. From these outworks, to the light-house, the city is about a mile-and-a-half long, and adorned throughout with massive glittering domes and towers, many of which are surrounded by streaming Consular flags. The houses are flat-roofed, high, and beautifully clean. Towards the bay, Cadiz, although a small city, looks very metropolitan; on the side towards the Atlantic, and facing the light-house, all is depopulated and ruinous; masses of stone lie in confused heaps, around rapidly decaying buildings; there is no sign of life or animation, except a solitary sentry, or a few mules lazily cropping the grass, which here and there grows out of the sandy soil.

The city is fortified, but the fortifications are, in many places, crumbling to pieces with neglect, and, on the south side, are so undermined, that, had they not originally been constructed of 81 immense thickness, would long ago have been destroyed by so encroaching and persevering an enemy, as the sea. Few of the cannon are mounted, nor are the walls protected by any parapet. What a contrast is this, to a traveller, from Gibraltar, where everything connected with the defences is in the most perfect order, and the condition of every gun is inspected twice during each day.

On landing at the Custom-house a rather vigorous search was made, as people from Gibraltar are always suspected of smuggling. This operation took some time and would have been annoying had it not been for the amusement derived from watching a queer looking old fashioned mongrel dog, who squatted down close to each parcel of luggage, peered into every portmanteau that was opened, smelt everything, and wandered on from package to package with the examining officer as methodically as though he were really a

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sentient being, and performing an important duty. At length about ten o'clock we were able to sit down to a richly earned breakfast at the Europa hotel.

Cadiz is strictly a commercial city, and has little to recommend it to the sight seer,—the streets are straight, narrow and indifferently paved, but look remarkably well, when the sun shines on the upper story of the houses, F 82 casting every here and there through an opening a brilliant flood of light, while the lower stories and the pavement are in deep shadow. The profusion of green yellow and red paint then produces a very fine effect.

The houses are high and richly adorned both within and without. Those of the better kind are usually constructed with a handsome entrance, at one end of which is an elaborately worked iron gate, giving access to the “Patio” or court, generally ornamented by a fountain in the centre, and orange trees or evergreens ranged around it. It is always paved with variegated marble, and frequently enriched with Arabesque work and paintings hanging on the walls. In houses of any pretension, marble galleries surround the quadrangle on each floor. The top of the “Patio” is open, there being no sky lights or roof of any kind to it. When it rains therefore it falls into the court below, and into the galleries, making the house in rainy weather very damp and wretched. Sometimes the galleries are protected from this discomfort by a screen of glass windows running round them, but even then the wet “Patio” throws a chill over the whole house. If you desire warmth you must go out of doors, for within all is damp and cold.

In Southern Spain the houses are built with 83 the sole object of making them cool. A profusion of marble and stone is therefore used, while every part of the house is very substantially constructed; indeed the walls are of enormous thickness, and the floors supported on beams, more like trees than mere planks. The ceilings are not usually white-washed. There are no fire places, and in the winter months I know few places more comfortless than a Spanish house, which however is always scrupulously clean; no slight merit. In the winter the family occupy the upper rooms, and during the summer heats descend to the ground floor for coolness.

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The shops are good, but little or nothing is done by the shopkeeper to gain custom by outward show. Plate glass, gaudy paint, eccentric sign boards and the various expensive trickeries of pushing tradesmen are here unknown. The Spaniards are careful of their goods and hope little from the passing wayfarer; the best shops are known to all.

Donkeys laden with all sorts of rubbish and covered with tinkling bells are almost always to be seen and heard, crawling along in single file over the rough pavement. The Spaniards carry everything in plaited rush baskets, either on their own heads, or the backs of their donkeys or mules. A wheelbarrow is not to be found in Spain, and carts are comparatively few; all agricultural labourers in Andalusia use these little baskets, and the bricklayers and stone masons carry about in the same receptacles the various materials of their trade. I saw about 100 of these men at work upon a new "Plaza de Toros" or bull ring, and was much amused at the small amount of labour performed by them.

Water is carried about in immense earthenware jars; Agu-a-a-a! Agu-a-a-a! resounds through the streets at all hours. The jar is placed on a leather pad on the left shoulder; the right hand is held in an upright position, and grasps a handle near the top; the left arm hangs downward at the side. A more painful mode of carrying a heavy dead weight for a lengthened period can scarcely be imagined; the whole body is placed in a constrained position. Two or three tin measures are suspended to a belt round the waist, and hang on the left hip.

The streets are lit with gas, and the watchmen make a more than usual noise. "Ave Maria purissima" together with the hour of the night, and whether fine or the reverse, breaks the silence almost without intermission.*

* The best proof of the fineness of the climate is that the watchmen are called "serenos" from their almost always calling out this word instead of "nublado" which means rainy.

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The city abounds in public squares, and by far the most handsome is that of San Antonio. One of them, I forget which, is beautifully paved with variegated marble, laid down according to a regular design. In some of the squares, vines are trained to trees and lamp-posts, while an arched frame work covered with the same-plant, affords relief to the eye, and forms a cool and agreeable walk. Benches for the weary also abound, while good Cafés and restaurants offer refreshment to those who desire it. Much therefore is done to render an open air life in a torrid clime agreeable to the inhabitants of Cadiz.

The public gardens are by no means extensive, or well laid out, but a stroll through the most frequented places of resort, in all large cities, is always entertaining to a traveller. There is little or no peculiarity in the dress of the Spanish gentleman, were it not for the cloak, his costume would pass unnoticed, in the "Champs Elysees." But as much has been said about the beauty of the ladies of Cadiz, they must not be dismissed so cavalierly. —Do they deserve the excessive praise so lavishly bestowed? I think not. Dark and carefully arranged hair, and bright piercing eyes, are their chief beauty. The features are not very regular, nor is their complexion good. Their walk is unrivalled in grace, and the costume of black silk, with lace mantilla, and veil thrown over the head, sets off their figures, and accords well with their sallow complexion. Dress a Spanish lady in any other colour than black, and want of harmony is instantly perceptible. What too, are you to do with the fan? and what is a Spanish lady without it? with French fashions it is out of place, it both requires and forms a pleasing adjunct to the national costume. It is notorious, that the Spanish ladies, make their fan do the duty of conversation; it is made to speak, when the language of signs is more prudent than that of the lips; but at the same time, I cannot help thinking, that the incessant motion of these pretty but noisy adjuncts to the national costume, is meaningless, the effect of habit and nervousness, rather than design.

The clergy wear most peculiar beaver hats, rolled up like wafer biscuits; these hats are about two feet six inches long, and give the wearer the head of a pelican. Cadiz was formerly a very gay city, but is not so now. Those who are fond of pictures or sculpture will

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not linger long here. There are very few good pictures, the best is the last work of Murillo, in the Capuchin convent, not as Mr. Ford says, in his guide book, in the "Franciscan;" a rare instance of error in that valuable 87 work, where errors however trifling, are few.

The Teatro Principale is large, and capitally arranged; the pit is divided into rows of arm chairs, showily covered with red plush or velvet, and easily accessible, by means of three approaches, cutting them transversely,—each seat has a number. What a contrast is this, to the dirty benches of a pit, in an English theatre! Why is it necessary to surrender, to the drinkers of lemonade and ginger-beer, the best part of the house? Is it not possible, nay probable, that by improving the accommodation, you would raise the character of those who occupy it? As it was the last week in Lent, the theatre was nearly deserted; not more than three or four ladies were in the house; the performance was far from good, and the performers, both men and women, spit in every direction on the stage; a dirty habit which I have never seen practised in any other theatre in Europe. A "Bolero" followed the first piece, and was succeeded by a farce.—The "Bolero" is thus described by Ford, whose bright flowing language, needs no apology for its insertion. "This is *la salsa de la comedia*," the essence, the cream, the sauce piquante of the night's entertainment, it is attempted to be described in every book of travels, but who can describe sound or motion? 88 it must be seen. However languid the house, laughable the tragedy, or serious the comedy, the sound of the castanet awakens the most listless; the sharp spirit-stirring click, is heard behind the scenes, the effect is instantaneous, it creates life under the ribs of death, it silences the tongues of countless women, *on n'ecoute que le ballet*. The curtain draws up, the bounding pair dart forward from the opposite scenes, like two separated lovers, who after long search, have found each other again. The glitter of the gossamer costume of the Majo and Maja, invented for the dance, the sparkle of gold lace and silver filagree, adds to the lightness of their motions; the transparent form—designing "saya," heightens the charms of a faultless symmetry, which it would fain conceal. No cruel stays fetter a serpentine flexibility. They pause, bend forward an instant, prove their supple limbs and arms; the band strikes up, they turn fondly towards each other, and start into

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life. The accompaniment of the castanets gives employment to their upraised arms. *C'est le pantomime d' Amour*. The enamoured youth, the coy, coquettish woman, who shall describe the advance, the timid retreat, his eager pursuit? Now they gaze at each other, now on the ground,—now all is life, love, and action; now there is a pause,—they stop motionless in a moment, and grow 89 into the earth; it carries all before it. There is a truth which overpowers the fastidious judgment. There is nothing indecent in the dance; one is never the worse for having seen it.

During my stay at Cadiz it rained incessantly, what more can be said against a Spanish city? Every imaginable discomfort crowds upon you; the spirits are depressed, the air is heavy as lead, clouds of hot vaporous steam, rise from the streets; there is nothing to be done, and still less to be seen. No woman leaves her house, and the men cower, cloak-covered and wretched, under huge red, blue, and yellow umbrellas. London, on a wet day, is triste enough; but a city of Southern Spain, is worse.

Not to pay a visit to Xerez, would be unpardonable, the height of ingratitude; he who could neglect this almost filial duty, would deserve to be put upon a course of Marsala and Cape for the rest of his life. You cross, by steamer, to Puerto Santa Maria, and thence by “Diligence,” to the town of Xerez.

“The “bodegas” or stores, (cellars they can hardly be called as they are above ground) are very well worth a visit. The wines of the different vintages are mixed up together, some correcting the others until the proper flavour is procured. In the “bodega” a tolerable wine is worth about £25 or £30 a butt to the trade, 90 but the same wine would not be sold to a private person under £40 or £50; then there is the duty and freight, the bottling and two or three different profits to be made out of it, before it reaches the English consumer; it is therefore quite impossible that really genuine wine can ever be sold in England under 40s. or 50s. a dozen.

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I was detained at Cadiz four days expecting the boat from Seville; but no boat came. I then decided upon going by way of Port St. Mary's, and the diligence or "Gondola" to San Lucar, and thence embark in the steamer for Seville; but in this plan also was disappointed, as the bay was shrouded for two days in a heavy fog, and no boat would in consequence start for the "Puerto." The Spaniards are in these matters exceedingly timid, punctuality is never to be expected from them. It is characteristic too, to call their Diligences "Gondolas," for these vehicles are so uneasy that women are sometimes on bad roads (and few are good in Spain) made literally sick in them, vomiting as wretchedly as though they were stowed away in the dark close ladies cabin of a steamer in a gale of wind.

The boat at length started, and at eleven o'clock reached the Puerto. The entrance to the river is dangerous, as the bar at the mouth has 91 a heavy surf rolling over it. The town of Port St. Mary's is prettily situated on the right bank of the river Guadaira, has a capital hotel, and I should think almost the only suspension bridge in Spain. It is the chief place of export for sherry wines. I visited the "bodega" of the English Vice Consul, and there tasted wines of all prices from £25 to £150 the butt.

The Gondola (built exactly on the plan of a French diligence) started at two o'clock for "San Lucar." Eight small horses were attached, driven by one man with the assistance of a postilion riding on the off leader, and a boy to run by the side of the horses to stimulate them with a short stick when lazy. The harness is very old fashioned and a strange jumble of leather, iron and rope. Horses are not bitted in Spain, but instead of this a very severe bar of iron is passed over the front bone of the head a little above the nostrils. Severe gashes, which are scarcely ever healed, are the consequence. Spanish horses shy a good deal and are very fidgetty. The pace of the Gondola on this road is about four miles an hour. The road is over a level uninteresting plain, and is a good one for Spain. The distance is eleven miles. St. Lucar is situated at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, has some good houses, most offensive open drains in the middle of the 92 streets, two or three

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handsome churches, and a decent “Fonda.” That is all that can be said of it. Here another day was lost as no boat left for Seville. During the morning I strolled along the bank of the river to Bonanza; the shores are flat and tame, and little is to be seen but sand and a few pine trees. The weather was exceedingly hot.

The village of Bonanza, consists of a large custom-house, a pier, a posada, and a few one-storied houses, *rien de plus*. The place however, may be said to be, in some measure, the port of Seville. One or two English vessels, and a good many feluccas, and other small craft, were lying off the pier. Bonanza lies about two miles above San Lucar, on the same side of the river. No one can see the shores of this stream, and the paltry villages along its banks, without some interest; barren and wretched, as it now is, it is yet historic ground, and this, without going back to times, where history is the mere reflex of tradition, where fable and truth are so intermingled, that the mind knows not what to receive, and what to reject. To me, the knowledge that the land on which my foot now rested, had often been pressed by the feet of Columbus and his daring followers, invested the scene, dreary though it was, with intense interest. The world owes those men much, and no Englishman 93 can be insensible to the fact, that his nation has profited most from them.

At length the long expected steamer made her appearance, and at eleven in the morning I embarked for Seville, where we arrived at half-past three, having made a very rapid passage, in a good comfortable boat. The shores of the river are flat, and inhabited solely by a few people engaged in the salt monopoly; huge pyramidal glittering piles of which useful condiment line the banks of the stream; wild fowl rose in flocks, as the boat approached them, and an eagle or two soared in slow, but majestic flight, over the dreary waste.

The stream soon divides into two channels, forming islands, called “Isola Mayor,” and “Menor;” here, immense herds of cattle and horses grazed on the purple marshes, and a few trees and cultivated spots enlivened the scene.

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About five miles from Seville, the left bank of the river rises, as usual convent-crowned, and covered with orange and olive trees, resembling, on a rather smaller scale, the bank of the Saône, near Lyons. At this spot, the tall glittering "Giralda," the marvel of Seville comes in sight, and turning sharply to the right the boat slowly passes under a tree covered bank, (one of the Alamedas of Seville), and stops at a rather 94 handsome tower called the Torre del Oro, near which is the custom house;—on the opposite shore is the suburb of Triana, and a few small craft were at anchor in the stream. The approach to Seville is not at all striking, the only commanding object being the Cathedral with its tower; all the rest is flat and tame.

A peseta or two again appeased the custom-house officials, and in a few minutes we reached the Europa hotel which merits some description. Entering from the "Calle de Sierpes" or street of serpents, you pass through a diligence office and dirty passage, (with a by no means tempting view of kitchens and sculleries,) which leads to a handsome court or "patio" in which orange and lemon trees flourish luxuriantly, and a cool playing fountain delights the ear. The "Patio" is entirely laid out as a garden, in one compartment of which live a small colony of hawks and bustards. This garden is surrounded by a colonnade, supporting the story above; under this colonnade is the entrance to the coffee-room or "comedor," and several bedrooms also open out of it. Here too are benches on which people recline, talking sociably or lounging, while tables covered with wine, oranges, and other light food, attract the hungry or thirsty sight seer. The scene is gay and amusing to a degree; no one can be dull in the 95 patio of the hotel Europa, provided it does not rain.

Here also, a little dog played a rather important part in the domestic service of the hotel. His office was that of turnspit, and two or three hours of each day were spent by him inside a broad wheel attached to the kitchen wall. He did his duty methodically and apparently with as much pleasure as squirrels or white mice turn their wire cages. The forelegs of our breed of dogs called "turnspit" are always very much turned outwards, but this little animal had no such peculiarity of formation.

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The first visit of every stranger is to the cathedral, and the tower of the “Giralda” attached to it. After passing through an old Moorish arch, which although mutilated, has still survived the many modern restorers who have exercised their individual tastes upon it, you enter a paved court planted as usual with rows of orange trees, while a fountain throws its white column of water among the green leaves, and patters musically on the surrounding stones; above, the dark mass of the cathedral rises in grandeur, with the moorish tower of the ‘Giralda’ to the left, rearing its tall graceful form in marked contrast to the heavy gloomy mass, to which it is now adjacent. This tower was built in 1196, and was then attached to a 96 mosque. It is a square of forty-four feet, each side embellished with intersecting arches and elaborate tracery, rising to a height of 250 feet; to which has subsequently been added, in the purest taste, a characteristic belfry, 100 feet higher. The pinnacle of the belfry is crowned with a figure of “Faith,” in bronze, fourteen feet high, to which is attached a huge and very ugly vane. It would not be easy to over-praise this entrancing work, which is confessedly a model of true proportion and grace, and he must be bold indeed who would venture even to criticize it. I will only say, that long wanderings in many lands, abounding in all that is most beautiful in architecture, have shewn me nothing more characteristically lovely, than this Moorish tower.

The ascent is peculiarly easy; a gradually sloping path winding round the interior, leads to the top of the square part of the tower. The ascent above this in the belfry is by a crooked winding staircase. The view is surprisingly beautiful. The whole city lies around you,—glittering in the level green pastoral plain in which it stands like a huge pearl set in emeralds. The river flows between it, and the suburb of “Triana,” and Moorish walls hem it in on the land side. The city has no long straggling suburbs; few are the houses 97 even at the present time without the walls. On all sides it terminates abruptly, and is met by the open fields. The little narrow streets turn, twist, and writhe about in all directions: regularity or uniformity of design are nowhere apparent. Open squares and public gardens—domes and little towers, shining in all the glory of blue, red, and yellow tiles, and fancifully adorned *patios* —meet the eye everywhere. The spectator is at a loss to say whether the city below

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him is Oriental or European. In truth, it is a compound of French, Italian, Spanish, and Moorish—all strangely blended together.

On the side of Triana, a tolerably high range of hills, three or four miles from the river, bound the view, and, to the north, the range of the Sierra Morena rears its brown crest to the sky. To the south the most prominent building is a new palace for the Duke de Montpensier and the Infanta. In taste, this building is utterly barbarous; but, nevertheless, the general effect, placed where it is, amidst green trees, is pleasing. Near it lies the huge square tobacco manufactory, where, according to the guide, books, 3,500 daughters of Seville roll cigars, and send forth piercing glances from their eyes, and stinging words from their lips. Happy is he who can pass the ordeal of their criticism unmoved. G

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Close to the cathedral are the Lonja, or Exchange—a building without merit or trade—and the Cardinal Archbishop's palace; while the eye dwells with delight upon the “Alcazar” and its lovely gardens.

Descending and entering the cathedral by the door near the “Giralda,” and gradually becoming accustomed to the subdued light, not to say gloom, pervading the whole edifice, the traveller finds himself in a huge, oblong, massive pile—impressive from its grandeur, but neither elegant nor complete. Beautifully painted windows cast their varied tints over the pillars and aisles; dark figures flit across the gloomy space, or kneel by some shadowy column, or glittering shrine: the voices of the choir, and the swelling tones of the gigantic organs, come in solemn cadences to his ear, make him tread the marble pavement with a feeling of awe, and be conscious that, Protestant or Catholic, he is, indeed, in the house of God.

The edifice stands on the exact site of the old Mosque, and is quadrilateral in form—396 feet long, 291 wide. The Mosque was pulled down in 1401, and this cathedral was opened for divine service in 1519. The height of the transepts is 160 feet. Except in the centre,

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around the high altar, the church is plain. There, all that art can do, is done, to embellish and enrich. The 99 large organs, forming a side of the choir, rise a mass of marble and mahogany carving almost to the roof. The light is skilfully brought down to the altar; while all around is a perpetual twilight, except where, here and there, a pink or purple light struggles feebly through the gloom.

During the holy week, the paintings, except some old ones (valueless, or nearly so), in the side chapels, are closely covered up; but I believe it is not rich in this respect. The side chapels are so dark, that it is almost impossible to see what they contain. There are five aisles; the centre aisle and the transept being much more lofty than the others. Each side has the usual row of little chapels branching off from the main building. The style is Gothic. None can visit this building without a feeling of admiration. Every one must admit, that neither a niggard purse, nor barbarous taste, erected it. All is grand, harmonious, solemn. The exterior is altogether without interest, and deformed on one side by a heavy, ugly pile, attached to the main building, and used as a parish church.

The next day was Palm Sunday. The ceremonies commenced early in the morning by the Archbishop blessing the Palms. All day, funeral services were performed in the cathedral and various churches, and in the afternoon, at five o'clock, the grand procession of the day G2 100 began to move. In the meantime, the balconies in the *Calle de Sierpes*, and the various *plazas* and streets through which it was to pass, were thronged with gaily dressed ladies; while below, rows of chairs were placed along the sides of the pavement—all prettily filled with the charming Sevillanas. At the same time, crowds of people, of both sexes, strolled up and down—a dense moving mass—such as is the “Corso,” at Rome, during the Carnival. The scene was exciting and gay. Nearly all the ladies wore the national costume, and looked marvellously well; while here and there a few bonnets, did all they could, to render their wearers as ugly as possible.

The procession was heralded by a file of soldiers; after whom came, two abreast, holding aloft, huge lighted candles, some twenty men, (penitents), dressed in towering conical

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black hats, with masks over the face, and black garments bound round the waist by a yellow sash. These were succeeded by about the same number of persons dressed in a similar costume, (except that it was white), with here and there a few men carrying small unlighted candles, dressed simply in black clothes, and bareheaded. After this came a huge car, with a figure representing our Saviour riding on an ass, and other full-length figures grouped around him; 101 tawdry looking and mean: like the second hand fancy dresses at a costume shop in London. Then the same repetition of candles and black and white clothed persons, and another car borne on the shoulders of twenty or thirty men, representing our Saviour being led away bound, by soldiers, from the presence of Pilate. After this a band of bad music, followed by another car, with the crucified Saviour hanging to the cross—a horrible and heartrending figure—which could not be regarded without a shudder. During the progress of the procession, I watched eagerly for any symptom of devotional feeling on the part of the spectators, but could not detect the slightest indication of it. All seemed to think they were come there to assist in a show, and to admire, and be admired: nothing more.

The next part of the procession consisted of candles, and black and white costumed figures, with two fiddles and a clarionet, and a few men and boys chanting some sacred music very ill; worse than a village band in a village church, where there is no organ: then came another car, with a canopy, under which was the Virgin gorgeously arrayed in crimson and jewels, with a long black robe hanging from her shoulders, and by her side another figure; but whom it was intended to represent I could not learn. This was succeeded by a few, 102 soldiers, followed by a canopied car, on which flowers had been thrown from the balconies. This car was ornamented with a great number of lighted candles in silver candlesticks, behind which was a covered tomb. A few more soldiers closed the procession, which occupied, in passing, about an hour and a half. To me, the whole affair was a tawdry burlesque of a most sacred subject, tending to cast ridicule on those hallowed persons, whose history we are taught to consider, with humble, unaffected piety, and complete respect.

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It is possible that the very lowest orders of Spaniards may be affected properly by such an exhibition; but I cannot believe it could have any such effect on the well-educated; and no such feeling was apparent to the eye. Should this be the case, how great is the sin of those who parade through the streets, and make a mere spectacle, of such passages in the life of our Redeemer.

The next morning I attended at the cathedral, to hear the service performed, during which, the white curtain, before the high altar, is rent; and a discharge of artillery, from the roof of the cathedral, takes place, emblematic of the account in the gospel of the day. The cathedral was crowded with thousands of people, and the voices of the officiating priests were good. The music was solemn and simple; while the grouping of the congregation, and their attitudes, more than half Oriental, were picturesque in the extreme. As soon as the pealing guns had ceased to resound through the edifice, a flood of light, from windows and opened doors, rushed through the darkness, producing a startling effect. How well the Roman Catholics, of all countries, comprehend how to affect the mind, by the medium of the senses and the imagination!

From the cathedral I went to the Alcazar, the most interesting sight in Seville—not excepting Pilate's House—which is said to be an exact copy of that in which Pilate dwelt, at Jerusalem. It is the property of the Duke de Medina Cœli, and is peculiarly rich in Azulejo tiles.

The Alcazar is entered through an open archway, with a lion in fresco, over the doorway, and the inscription, *ab utrumque*, over it. Passing through a courtyard, a heavy mass of gilding and fretwork, with a colonnade of Moorish arches, and fine fragile-looking tracery, through which the blue and yellow ornamented tiles shine like precious stones, arrests the gaze. This is the first intimation of the highly-wrought decorations within. Tapping at a door, the visitor passes at once into a scene of surpassing interest. All around are rooms, corridors, and 104 *patios*, halls, and intersecting arches, covered with the finest network,

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in stone and stucco: varying shades of blue, purple, and green; gilding without end, and beautifully carved doors, shutters, and ceilings.

All that the mind has conceived of Oriental scenery and splendour, now takes a definite shape: enough is around, to give reality to that which was before mere abstraction or conjecture.

The Alcazar (which signifies a royal palace) was built in the tenth and eleventh centuries, for Abderahman Anassir Liddin Allah. What a name! Subsequent sovereigns have greatly altered it, and portions are still used (particularly those fronting the gardens) by the present royal family of Spain. These have been modernized, to suit the mode of life of the present day; but this alteration does not, however, much interfere with the character of the greater part of the building—particularly that portion of it first seen. There, little strikes the eye, which militates against the purely Oriental character of the place. An attempt to describe minutely would utterly fail, nor does it come within the scope of these sketches: besides, hath not Murray, and a shoal of others, rendered this quite unnecessary.

The gardens are pretty, but perfectly Italian in character; laid out in cut trees and box hedges, 105 enclosing formal flower beds, statues, fountains, fish-ponds, and raised terraces. The smell from the orange blossoms, and other trees in flower, was most fragrant, and the balmy air, and warm sunshine, made an hour's stroll through the walks, highly agreeable.

On returning, a barber surgeon's sign-board struck me: on one side, was an extended arm, from which a copious stream of blood was flowing, into a basin full of the same liquid, and painted a startling crimson; on the other, a foot, with a stream flowing from an open vein, by the instep, into another basin below. The whole board looked very disgusting, and was so far new to me, that I was not aware that the Spanish barber surgeons bled in the foot as well as the arm.

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In the evening, the Lamentations of Jeremiah were chaunted in the cathedral, beginning at five o'clock. The service continued until nine, when a *miserere* was played, and sung until ten; the doors were then closed, and the large multitude, who had thronged the building, slowly dispersed. The sexes are not allowed to mingle within its walls, but enter by separate doors, and are kept apart, when within, by strong iron railings, and by vergers patrolling about. During the service, from five until nine, the church is quite darkened, and, it is alleged, that 106 advantage was formerly taken of this, to enact the most scandalous irregularities: so scandalous as not to admit description upon paper; and it has, therefore, been found necessary to keep the men and women apart. Had this statement not been confirmed to me, on good Spanish authority, I should have hesitated to believe, that any people could, on such an occasion, be guilty of what is alleged to have taken place; at any rate, the precautions now taken to prevent it, go far to prove its having occurred. No signs of devotion, among the people, were apparent; they talked, laughed, and moved about, as in the pit of a theatre. An English pervert or convert (whichever is the right word), who, missal in hand, knelt in evident devotion, was stared at by all passers-by, as a singular and eccentric anomaly: they had come to be excited and amused—not to pray. The music and voices were both feeble and indifferent; and, notwithstanding the height of the building, the state of the atmosphere was oppressive, as well as offensive. I thought of—and most cordially concurred in—Horace's denunciation of garlic, who thought it better poison than henbane for a parriçi ? e—

“Parentis olim si quis impiâ manu, Senile guttur fregerit, Edit cicutis allium nocentius.”

At some of the churches, in the evening, 107 crowds of eager devotees flocked around an image of the bleeding Saviour; and taking off necklaces, or rosaries, handed them to the priest, who rubbed them quickly over the knees and legs of the image, and then passed them back again. This was done in the most business-like manner; the “quartos” were deposited in the dish, and away went the poor deluded creatures, poorer by a few pence, but doubtless satisfied that they had bought some true, though hidden, virtue.

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The next morning, at nine o'clock, the ceremony of blessing and consecrating the holy oil was performed by the Cardinal Archbishop, assisted by four bishops, and an amazing concourse of clergy. The ceremony was imposing. At a later period of the day, the host (surrounded by silver candlesticks, and amidst a blaze of light), was placed in a huge shrine at the west-end of the building. Crowds of people knelt in evident devotion around this shrine. It was, indeed, by far the most beautiful and solemn sight of the holy week, and the only one which appeared to affect, in the right direction, the minds of the spectators.

Washing the feet of twelve men, seated on a raised dais, between the high altar and the choir, took place at eleven o'clock, and was simply an affectation of humility, combined with much pomp on the part of the Cardinal.

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From the cathedral, I walked past the tobacco factory, to the plains without the walls, where the fair is held during the latter part of April, preparations for which event were already in progress. Here, about a mile from the walls, is the site of the old "Auto da Fés," during the power of the misnamed Holy Inquisition. The form of the quadrangular walls may still be traced, as the foundations remain; and the brick work, on which the blazing pile rested, is still partly visible also. The last murder, in the name of religion, took place in 1782. Manymay, therefore, be still alive who can remember it. The Spaniards, to this hour, avoid, with a kind of dismal horror, any allusion to the Inquisition. They seem still to dread its possible re-establishment. As has been well said, "Sons of burnt fathers, they dread the fire." From this spot to the cemetery is about half a mile. The mode of sepulture appears to me good: far preferable to our dismal vaults in England. The plan is this:— A large quadrangular wall, about twenty feet high, and eight or nine deep, surrounds a level space. This wall is pierced with rows of holes one above another, like little chests, just long enough and high enough to hold a coffin. There are in this cemetery nine rows of these receptacles, one above another, 109 all around the walls; Which resemble exactly a section of honeycomb placed upright, or reversed. The body is brought to the ground,

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and the lid of the coffin opened, when the grave clothes are sprinkled with *aqua fortis* , or some other burning liquid; the lid is then closed, and the coffin slid into its hole; which is then bricked up, and opened again, after a lapse of five years, for the reception of another body. By that time, all that remains in the cell, is a heap of bones and ashes.

An inscription is placed On the entrance to each tomb, and, before some few, lamps were burning. One inscription struck me much: it was, “Madre Mia,” 19 Diciembre. How simple, yet how affectionate! How much is expressed in these two words. No laudatory epitaph—no chronicle of virtues; no loud expression of grief could tell its tale so well. Peace be, with the dead, and living! The cemetery was nearly full. On the outside were a few small spaces entered through a gate, with about twenty tombs in each—intended, doubtless, as places of family burial. With one exception, no outward trace, of what must be going on within, was apparent. There must, therefore, be little danger to the living from this mode of burial of the dead. Pursuing the walk, I entered the city by the cannon foundry and cavalry stables.

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In the afternoon the same “pasos,” or costumed figures, were carried through the streets, in the presence of all Seville; and, in the evening, the “Teniebres” were celebrated in the cathedral, followed by the *miserere* , from ten to eleven. On Good Friday, at the service in the morning, the host was taken from the shrine in which it had been placed, by the Cardinal Archbishop, attended by four suffragan bishops, and carried by him to the high altar: when the lights on the magnificent shrine were at once extinguished, and the west front of the cathedral reduced, at one moment, from a blaze of light to utter darkness. The windows, at that part of the building, had been artificially darkened by black curtains.

Throughout Good Friday, interminable processions paraded slowly through the streets. The only alteration was the introduction of penitents in a pretty white dress, with blue masks and conical hats, and a few little girls dressed as peculiarly gaudy angels, covered with spangles and trumpery. White wings were attached to their shoulders, and their

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hats were adorned with ostrich feathers. The poor little things sang dismal songs, and seemed terribly frightened. The procession lasted until late in the evening: and, when seen slowly approaching through the dark street, thronged with a dense 111 crowd, the effect is much finer than by day. Still, did the amusements (for that is really the proper term) of the holy week consist merely in these processions, they would present but few attractions. The traveller gladly turns from the tawdry, uninteresting show, to the people, who, in full dress, crowd the streets; and consoles himself for the meagerness of the ecclesiastical ceremonies, by the capital opportunity afforded by the concourse, of obtaining, in a few days, as good an idea of the inhabitants of Seville, and the adjacent country, as, under most circumstances he could hope to do, in many months.

On Saturday morning, the black veil was rent before the high altar, with the same solemnities as the rending of the white veil, three days before. On the morning of Easter Sunday, a “Te Deum” was exceedingly well sung, and a voluntary played on the organs, which, though powerful, are not considered good instruments. Thus terminated the solemnities (or, what were meant for such), of the holy week at Seville; which, when compared with the same season at Rome, appear almost contemptible. A bull fight in the afternoon, and the opera in the evening, occupy the remainder of Easter Sunday. The transition, even to one not a novice in these matters, seems rather abrupt. The afternoon 112 was wet; but the bull fight was held, nevertheless—though the entire pleasure is lost, unless the weather be fine. The bulls never fight courageously in bad weather; sunshine appears to stimulate them; while a wet, cloudy afternoon, turns the savage, ferocious brute, into the merest craven. Those Englishmen who forgot the lessons of their youth, and were not ashamed thus to spend the latter part of so peculiarly holy a day, returned to the hotel, drenched, disappointed, and disgusted: “the bulls were tame, the horses the merest screws—not worth a pound a piece; and fireworks and barbed darts were necessary to goad the bulls to the charge.” There was not sufficient spirit evinced, to throw anything like a decent veil over the cruelty of the sport. In fine weather, it may be otherwise; but,

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whether it be or not, an Englishman can have but one opinion: that it is an amusement of the most degrading character, fit for a Heathen—not a Christian land.

The museum, at Seville, contains many good paintings, by Murillo, by Zurbaran, Roelas, and other artists of lesser merit. Those, by Murillo, hang in the room called the “Sala de Murillo.” The most celebrated is a small painting of the Virgin, with the Saviour in her arms: it is called the “Servilleta.” Most extravagant praise has been lavished on this work by some; 113 and on the other hand, there are a good many artists who say, it is only a beautiful piece of colouring, admirably executed; and that the artist has simply succeeded in painting, a very world-like human being, with a good humoured laughing sprightly child, nothing more; no beauty of feature or heavenly expression, either in the mother, or the child. The subject certainly requires something more than this; and that it can be given is proved by another picture, in the same room (St. Anthony with the Infant Saviour sitting on an open Bible). There the artist has caught the inspiration of his subject. Another picture is St. Francis embracing the Saviour on the Cross. This is admirable, but is open to the criticism that the right arm of the Saviour torn from the Cross, does not simply rest a dead weight on St. Francis' shoulder, but is so painted as to convey the appearance of life and power.

From the Museum I started with a party to the suburb of Triana, for the purpose of seeing a gipsy dance. All I can say is this, that it is no fit exhibition for man, woman, or child, and that its only charm may be equally well seen in Paris, for a franc, at some of the evening dancing saloons; yet strange to say, English ladies of high rank, young and old, married and unmarried, sat out a performance of the grossest H 114 indecency, and not only did so, but paid very heavily for the pleasure. This suburb is a miserable place; even in the day, it is a subject of congratulation, that the

“Empty traveller may whistle, Before the robber and his pistol.”

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A rather handsome new iron bridge, has replaced the old bridge of boats, which however still spans the stream, a couple of hundred yards lower down. The Guadalquivir is a very muddy stream, and is here perhaps 150 yards wide. On the bridge, is a capital view of the Cathedral, and the Giralda; which seems to increase, in height and beauty, as you recede from it. Its light graceful outlines, shooting up into the heavens, are rarely absent from the eye, at any part of Seville, so great is its height; to a stranger it acts as a guiding star, in his wanderings, through the narrow crooked lanes of the city.

In the University, there are some good paintings and monuments; the latter are too ornate, and in bad taste. A little panel painting, by Roelas, of "the Infant Saviour," is beautifully executed; but the head and face, are those of "Bacchus," rather than of the Saviour. From the University I went to the Church of the "Caridad," which is peculiarly rich in paintings. The "Descent from the Cross," over the high 115 altar, is a most impressive work of art. There is a dim grandeur about the sky, and the mound, on which the three crosses stand, exceedingly affecting; but the dead body of the Saviour, at the bottom of the picture, surrounded by eight or nine figures, in coloured carved wood, is in very bad taste. There are several other most beautiful pictures, particularly the masterpiece of Murillo, "Moses striking the Rock."

Returning from the Caridad, among some most picturesque-looking persons in charge of the bulls, for the approaching bull-fight, the next day, was a boy; riding on a small, but apparently full grown ox. The ox had acquired the same swinging pace as the horses, and was saddled and bitted exactly like them. The scene appeared greatly to amuse the people, who were taking their daily saunter, along the bank of the river. The chief promenades and alamedas, of Seville, are close to the river, and are exceedingly beautiful. By the name given to the prettiest of them, it is quite evident, that the Sevillians are not at all insensible to its merit; it is called "Las Delicias." These gardens were now in the first budding Spring, fresh and lovely; nightingales in great numbers, contributed their music to the ear, and long rows of "Judas" trees, with their trunks and branches most

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beautifully encircled and tufted, H 2 116 by eccentric though charming pink blossoms, gratified the eye; while the softness of the air, and the absence of all oppressive heat, made these gardens one of the most agreeable lounges in the world.

The climate of Seville is very hot, for the greater part of the year. This, combined with the descent of the people, gives a very oriental tinge to their habits and mode of life. The women sit on the ground, in public places, after the Eastern fashion. Hundreds may be seen in this position, at church, instead of kneeling; with the white pocket-handkerchief, and gilded prayer book, resting on the outspread folds of their garments. The streets too, look Oriental, for they are constantly covered with awnings, which gives the little shops, on either side, the appearance of an Eastern bazaar. In many cases, the different trades have their shops together, and sit behind their counters, with true Oriental indifference. You may buy if you like, they seem to say; if you do not wish to do so, pass on; we will do nothing to tempt you.

In the heat of the day, the streets are deserted; it is in the evening and night, that they present their most attractive appearance. Then everybody strolls idly up and down, the various alamedas and best streets; gossiping, shopping, and smoking.

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The personal appearance of a Southern Spaniard, is prepossessing; his dress good, though showy, and his address courteous and polished. Even the very lowest class, have the manners of good society, a natural good breeding; nor do their tastes appear so gross, as those of the same class at home. They are very fond of gambling, and games of chance, which they practise even for so low a stake, as an orange; entering apparently, as keenly into the sport, as though it were for dollars. Everybody knows that they revel in intrigue, that it is indeed the business of their life; this makes them sly and in some respects cowardly. Revenge is a cherished passion, a bounden duty, as in Heathen times, a virtue. Their religion it is difficult to characterize, without using the harsh term, "Paganism." The Virgin Mary is undoubtedly revered, one may almost say

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worshipped, with more than the usual Romanist fervour; and the various Saints, occupy a very prominent position in the religious thoughts, of the Spaniard of the lowest class.

No religion except the Roman Catholic is tolerated in Spain for state reasons. This is by no means because the people are more rigid Romanists than elsewhere, but simply a measure of political economy. Even in the time of Espartero and his co-ministers, (whom no one will suspect of great piety to say the least), no deviation from this policy was allowed, and confessedly on this ground—"not, that the Roman Catholic was the only true religion," but that religious feuds and religious wars were the most bitter of all contests, and could not on any account be permitted to exist in Spain. They in fact, like the ancient Heathens, considered religion entirely as an affair of state; as much under the care of the civil magistrate as any other part of the civil polity. The effect of this chain upon all freedom of thought, has been to create more infidelity than exists in most countries. To compel a man under pain of severe civil disabilities, to conform to a creed which in his heart he despises, is to make an infidel; give him some latitude and he would simply become a dissenter. No one can be naturalized in Spain, or hold real estate, except he be a Roman Catholic.

The Andalusian day is generally thus spent. The family rise early, take a cup of coffee or chocolate, and a mouthful of bread; then, until ten or eleven pursue their various occupations. They then take a substantial breakfast, and during the middle of the day their "siesta." If you love peace, O stranger, do not disturb a Spaniard at this hour; nothing makes him more savage. At night you may do what you like with him, but during the afternoon nap, beware the sleeping tiger, rouse him, and he rends. Dinner is not with the southern Spaniards a protracted meal as with us; it is taken uncomfortably, at different times, and without any family reunion. About eight or nine in the evening comes the really social meal, supper; then the family meet, friends drop in, the girls bring out the guitars, and music and dancing are kept up till midnight. This is the time to see a Spanish family in good humour, and to the greatest advantage, for these four or five hours are the enjoyment of the day. When once admitted into a Spanish family, on terms of intimacy,

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you may run about their houses at all hours like a pet dog. Even the women will not run away from you, although they be in morning deshable; and no servant (when your face is known) will ever trouble himself to announce you; he simply admits you, and leaves you to wander over the house, when, where, and how you like.

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CHAPTER V.

MALTA.—QUARANTINE.—STRADA REALE.—ITS APPEARANCE.—VALETTA.—GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY AND ADJACENT COUNTRY.—CHURCH OF ST. JOHN.—HISTORY OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN.—“THE AUBERGES”.—THE PALACE.—SQUARE OF SAN GEORGIO.—THE CLUB.—THE CARNIVAL.—ST. PAUL'S BAY.—ISLAND OF GOZO.—PHŒNICIAN REMAINS.—CROPS.—TRADE OF MALTA.—A FEW WORDS ON CLIMATE.

THE yellow flag was flying at our mast-head as we entered the harbour, of Malta having only a few days previously left Alexandria; consequently the quarantine regulations compelled those passengers who remained, to proceed at once into Marsamuscetto harbour, and shut us out for three weary weeks from all communion with the city of Valetta; whose magnificent fortresses, brilliantly white houses, rising in terraces one above the other, lovely placid harbours, and the busy hum of life and pleasure wafted across the waters to the Lazaretto, were so enticing as to render it almost impossible, to endure our imprisonment with anything like philosophy.

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There is probably no subject on which people differ more than on quarantine, and its efficacy as a preventive. All, admit it to be a most unmitigated nuisance; and the opinion seems gaining ground that its restrictions may be less rigidly enforced; if not entirely withdrawn. I will not venture to give an opinion on a subject which has been so much discussed; but every now and then facts of undisputed truth happen, which almost justify those who are in favour of maintaining the old system without any relaxation; such for

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instance, as the manner in which the yellow fever was a few months ago introduced into Bermuda, with such painfully fatal results. In this case, a woman died on board a vessel, of yellow fever. Instead of destroying her clothes by fire, they were thrown overboard, and some of them drifted ashore on one of the Bermuda Islands; were there picked up, by a soldier's wife, who took them home, and washed them. She died the next day. How fearfully the disease spread from this slight cause is known to all, and too recently to render particulars necessary.

At length much to my joy, the doctor gave us "pratique" and long before sun-rise, a boat conveyed me across the water to Valetta, when a short walk up a very steep street, took me into the "Strada Reale." I shall not readily forget how much and how favourably this street impressed me. It is wide, straight, well paved, level, and amazingly clean; the houses are white, many of them exceedingly handsome, chiefly flat roofed, and adorned with substantial projecting windows and balconies; its style and appearance is partly Italian, and partly Oriental. The shops are not good, externally. I remained in Malta three months, and established my self in a suite of rooms, built on the flat roof of a house. The charming view over the city, and its harbours, the island, and far out to sea, induced me to select this rather elevated abode; from whence I will endeavour to present to the mind of the reader, the main features and peculiarities of the surrounding scene. The city of Valetta is built on a tongue of land, jutting out between the grand harbour, and the sheet of water in which the quarantine ground is situated, and it is joined to the main land by a comparatively narrow space. At least four fifths of the city is surrounded by water. In the distance at sun-rise the dark outline of Etna is occasionally, though rarely visible over the sea. To the left is the quarantine harbour, in shape like the coils of a snake; full in front is the entrance to the port, through which the swell of the sea rolls, breaking at times heavily against the rocks and massive walls of Fort St. Elmo. To the right the water is again divided into two bays, by two projecting spurs of land, on which are built the two suburbs of "Citta vittoriosa," and "Senglea," behind which are fortifications without end. Further on a long green tract of land, a pleasing contrast to the painful glare of the white

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city, and the rocky country which surrounds it, meets the eye, bounded by a range of hills on which Citta vecchia, the former capital of the island stands conspicuous; though in a state of great decay. The city is protected on the land side by two extensive ranges of fortifications, between which is the suburb of "Florian." In every direction without the walls "casals" or villages, indicate that the population of the island is dense. Few trees are to be seen, and dazzling white roads, walls, and aqueducts, stretch in every direction. The surface is far from flat, and the shores are in most places jagged and abrupt. A superficial view would therefore tend to a most erroneous estimate of its want of fertility; at first all seems to be rock and sand, but on a closer inspection, little patches of vegetation are observable nestling as it were, between the large slabs of rock; and yielding by means of the heavy dews, and artificial irrigation, abundant crops. The industry of the Maltese is confessedly surprising; nothing is neglected, and no 124 labour spared, to change the natural barrenness of their little island, into fertility. Still, on the whole, the island looks, and is, dreary and wild; its beauty is confined to the marvellous combination of nature and art, in the city of Valetta, and its blue sheets of water.

The town is most regularly built, and is full of curious and handsome edifices, among which the various "Auberges" of the old Knights of St. John, stand conspicuous. In Italian cities, the churches are generally objects of attraction; but in those of Valetta, there is but little architectural beauty; and with the sole exception of the Church of St. John, not much to interest or admire. This building is completely identified with the history of the order of chivalry, whose name it bears.

There are few who do not know, that a few merchants of Amalfi, in the eleventh century, obtained from the Turkish Sovereign, permission to establish, at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem, a place of refuge for pilgrims. Two hospitals were there erected, one of which was dedicated to St. John. The cruel outrages committed on the hospitallers, by the followers of Mahomet, gave rise to the Crusades; and after the fall of Jerusalem, for the second time, into the hands of the Moslems, the Knights of St. John, first took refuge in Cyprus, then at Rhodes, 125 and finally at Malta. So interesting to every Christian, is

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their origin, and the misfortunes which subsequently befel them, that no one can visit the church, which bears their name, and was erected by them, without emotion. They have passed away, with the state of things, which gave birth to them; but the admirer of heroism will, for ages to come, dwell fondly on their history. Their sufferings and their deeds are indelibly impressed on the history of the world; and though, happily for mankind, few such struggles as those, in which the “Knights” of this order, were for centuries engaged, are likely again to occur; such is the weakness of human nature, so largely is the organ of combativeness developed in mankind, *non obstante*, the Peace Society and Mr. Cobden, that it is impossible not to feel, while treading over the ashes of the chief actors in those scenes, a strong sense of admiration; the step becomes elastic, the head erect, and L'Isle Adam, and La Valette, for the moment, quite overshadow the glory of such names, as the Philanthropic Howard, or Elizabeth Fry.

The shape of the church is oblong, and on each side are aisles, with chapels for the different nations, forming the “Order,” richly adorned with paintings and sculpture. The pavement is emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the 126 Knights, in mosaic, and the “Arms” of the various lodges, frescoes, paintings, tapestry, and sculpture, with relics of all kinds, appertaining to the Order, meet the eye everywhere. I know few edifices more full of historical interest; gallant deeds, done too since the times of Romance, not “mysteries surrounded with a halo,” crowd upon the mind, while slowly walking over the ashes of the dead. The subdued light in which the church is kept, harmonizes well with the train of thought; we walk in twilight, and for the moment live in the past. Unfortunately, luxury and illness emasculated the successors of the early Knights; and when the island was attacked by Admiral “Brueyes,” at the close of the last century, no resistance was offered. The people were inclined to resist, but the Knights remained passive:

“Here all were noble, save nobility, None hugged a conqueror's chain, save fallen chivalry.”

The French utterly disregarded the terms under which the island was ceded to them; they introduced radical changes, and at the same time proclaimed liberty and equality;

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heavy fines were imposed on the chief inhabitants, and such generally arbitrary measures resorted to, that the poor Maltese were soon made painfully aware, that they had exchanged an enfeebled despotism, for the lively tyranny of a newly born republic. 127 The English therefore met with little resistance from the Maltese, in their blockade of Valetta, under General Pigot and Commodore Martin. There is no doubt that the Maltese were of great use to the besieging forces, on this occasion; and it is, on this very just ground, that they claim from us at the present day, the free exercise of their religion and laws. And although a good deal of grumbling is heard, they are, on the whole, tolerably well satisfied with their present masters; at any rate, they know that their weakness must prevent independence, and are quite aware they might be in worse hands. An immense amount of English money is yearly circulated through the island. This, with the large development of the steam traffic, gives much employment, and keeps the population, except in the distant "Casals" or villages, in comfort and content. Prosperity is so general, that there is really little room for discontent.

In a stroll through Valetta, the buildings which most strike the eye, are the "Auberges" That of "Castile" is decidedly the finest, both intrinsically, and from its commanding position. They are almost without exception occupied as military quarters; one of them (I forget which) is the "Club," to which admission is freely accorded to travellers, (on introduction) for a 128 week. This is a rather scanty measure of indulgence; and the committee of management, might copy with advantage, the much greater liberality, of the library and club, at Gibraltar.

The Palace, formerly the residence of the Grand Master of the Order, but now the Government House, is a very large building, and stands in the Strada Reale. In shape it is quadrangular; it contains some old armour, which is very valuable and interesting, in the eyes of those who know something about, and care for such things; and some really good paintings, representing the victories of the order; there is also some tapestry. The finest room by far is the ball room, which I was fortunate enough to see lighted for a fancy ball, and filled with a varied throng of "characters" ably and carefully sustained. This ball

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was the “event” of the season. In front of the Palace is the Square of San Georgio. On the opposite side of this small open space is the main guard house, and the merchants' reading room and library. Here too the troops occasionally parade, and the military bands play, though the main scene of such matters is outside the first line of fortifications, in the suburb of Florian. Of course so large a garrison must make some noise and parade; and to the eye of a civilian, naval, and military uniforms, are rather obtrusively prominent.

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Near the end of the Strada Reale, is the great fort of St. Elmo, where General Abercrombie lies buried. In this fort are bomb proof quarters for 2,000 men. Most fortifications admit of but little description, and are very uninteresting to the general reader, but the walk along the bastions of this fort is one of the most striking in Valetta; the sea breaks against the rocks on which it is built, at times with great fury, sending up clouds of spray; and no vessel can enter or leave, either harbour of Valetta, without passing close under the walls. On the opposite shore is fort St. Angelo; and indeed wherever the eye rests, fortifications of more or less solidity and grandeur are seen. The works on the Valetta side of the harbour, tower in great majesty, battery over battery: while on the opposite shore, fortifications of less imposing external aspect, but of more actual power, (from the guns being more a *fleur d'eau*) appear. On this side are the dock yard and arsenal. The streets are narrow and dirty, and appear destitute of population, except of the very lowest kind. The sound of the saw, the hammer, and the axe mingles as you stroll through the streets with the roar of some drunkard's song; and sailors with their slip-slop dishevelled “Cynthias,” seem almost the only inhabitants. Still, although dirt and vice are now painfully conspicuous I 130 in these suburbs, they are interesting from their associations; for here stood the fortifications which resisted the onslaught of the Turks, in the memorable siege under Mustapha Pasha. The ride hither from Valetta is very long and circuitous, and parts of the road are execrable. By far the best way is to cross the water from the “Nix Mangiare” stairs. There are but two good roads on the island; all the rest are very rocky and rough. The best, is a fine level broad road leading to Citta Vecchia: the other runs

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through the suburb of Pieta, and skirting the quarantine harbour, crosses rather abruptly a little hill, and thence follows the shore line to St. Julians. Part of this road is the race course, and is certainly one of the most singular places in the world for such a purpose: a rough stone wall bounds it one side, and the harbour on the other. Its length is less than half a mile, and its width in places so contracted, that two carriages have some difficulty in passing. This road is the chief afternoon lounge of the residents in Valetta, who ride or drive over its monotonous surface with most praiseworthy punctuality. After all, this afternoon occupation is considered a melancholy necessity. Health exacts the sacrifice—pleasure is out of the question. You cannot do the same thing day after day, at the same hour, 131 and see the same faces and stones, utter the same unmeaning compliments, and make the same number of bows, without being bored to death—of course all the serious business of life, such as your dinner or making money is excepted.

The Carnival took place during my stay: at which time the Strada Reale is a peculiarly gay scene. The Maltese enjoy their carnival and keep it up with spirit; and the Corso at Rome is scarcely a finer street for that purpose than the Strada Reale. Both are of great length, quite straight and abundantly furnished with large balconies for participators and spectators. At Malta the merriment is rather boisterous, as the English “Tars” avail themselves of this opportunity, for the exercise of their notions of fun and frolic. Consequently, the higher classes of Maltese take but little active part in the Carnival; the lower orders have for the time almost undisputed possession of the streets. So much has been written about the folly and childishness of a “Carnival,” that I do not intend to defend it here. Yet surely the Moderns may follow the example of the Old Romans, and “Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem” The masked balls which succeed each day of the Carnival, are fair points of attack for they cause much evil.

I visited both by land and by water the celebrated 12 132 St. Paul's bay. There is no reasonable doubt but that Malta is the “Melita” described by St. Paul as the scene of his shipwreck; and to hint even a doubt of this would be here the concentrated essence of treason. There is perhaps rather more uncertainty as to the exact spot: but there is a

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bay with an island at its mouth, which answers the description given of the scene of his shipwreck by St. Paul in the last chapter of the Acts of the Apostles; and therefore it is fixed upon reasonably enough as the place, and named accordingly. On the island is a colossal statue of St. Paul. Of course too, there is a chapel dedicated to him, and the very spot is pointed out, at which the vessel touched the ground. Here, as elsewhere, scepticism is invited to step in, by an attempt to prove too much. This is an error almost universal at places of traditional interest. The day, though early in spring was very hot; and I think I have rarely seen so many lizards racing over the rocks. As the weather was calm, I could not form much idea of what the place would be in a strong east wind or "Gregale"; doubtless dangerous enough. The immediate country round the bay is desolate, and almost, if not the only building visible, except the chapel, is a fort garrisoned by a small detachment of the Malta Fencibles. These forts are scattered here and 133 there all round the island, and the officer in command must lead a sadly dull life. The road to the bay by land is rocky and bad; and offers no inducement except an extensive view over a great part of the island at "Casal Nasciar."

Antiquarians would do well to visit the neighbouring island of "Gozo" which possesses perhaps the best Phœnician remains extant. The crops on this island are better than on the large island, as the land lies higher and is not quite so parched by the heat and drought. The chief crops on both, are corn, clover and cotton. The last is manufactured into a great variety of articles, some of which are much and justly esteemed. The stockings, gloves, mittens, and a peculiar kind of lace, are very beautiful and strong. Besides those branches of trade, great numbers of people are employed upon gold and silver filagree work; but the gold is too pure and consequently soft and brittle, for general use. The workmanship is however very beautiful. There is also a soft porous, light kind of stone, in working which the Maltese masons (we may almost dignify them with the name of sculptors) are very skilful. Excellent copies of the most celebrated antique designs are to be had. The stone will not bear exposure of any kind, or bad usage, but it is nevertheless highly prized. It is, as compared with marble, cheap, 134 but one may easily spend a

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large sum of money in any of the shops devoted to the art. A great deal of this work is imported to England; and is so well and carefully packed that it rarely experiences injury. The freight and other expenses generally double the original cost. The Maltese are also expert carpenters and furniture brokers, and ship building is carried on to a great extent. The dockyard is on a very large scale, and in general there is much activity in its various departments. Indeed the naval service here, is a great support to the trade and population. The grumbling of the people of Valetta when the fleet is at sea, or much reduced in strength is so strenuous as to be almost amusing; they appear to consider a line of battle ship as a vested interest, and resent a departure as a robbery; the 6th rates may come and go as they please. A smart frigate with a dashing, expensive, hospitable ward room mess, is also a Maltese pet.

It would not do to leave Malta without paying a tribute to the excellence of the little red (or as they are called Tangerine oranges); they are very small, peel readily, and are delicious. The orange is produced by grafting an orange bud, upon a pomegranate stock. The market is well supplied with fruits of all kinds, but I confess I always thought the various kinds of meat, 135 the “pieces de resistance” badly cooked, and in other respects indifferent. The fish, especially the red mullet, is excellent. The prices of most things are moderate; and an income of three or four hundred a year, places a family quite at their ease, if resident during the whole year. I cannot speak in high terms of the Opera, or any other public amusement. Though, still, Malta is a gay place of residence for a month or two, from its excellent society, and the movement and bustle, the constant ebb and flow of travellers creates. An Englishman feels at home, and what is of more consequence to an invalid, the comforts of home, if desired are procurable. Except Catania which is an out of the way place, and very dull, and where by the bye, the prejudice against consumptive invalids is great, Malta is perhaps the best climate in Italy. There is, however, a dry irritating dust, which in some cases of advanced bronchitis or consumption is very prejudicial. The climate is dry, and not too warm in the winter months for a small fire. It is not therefore relaxing. The spirits of an invalid are generally greatly cheered by sunshine,

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and here it will be rare for a day to pass without it. The summer months from June to October are very hot and stifling. The sea breeze is at times rather too cold and searching when the sun is too hot, but 136 this is an evil from which no Mediterranean climate is exempt. At Madeira it is not so, but even there you must guard against the cold blasts which descend the ravines from the mountains, sometimes in mid winter covered with snow. The climate of Madeira undoubtedly possesses a softness unknown in Europe, but it is relaxing and by no means suited to all classes of chest complaints. Many of them are known to be much aggravated by a residence there. I should however, place the climate of Funchal first among all the comfortable and readily accessible places of refuge for invalids. Up to Christmas, Nice is a fine climate, but in the spring months very trying from the cold winds. Most of the other climates of Italy, are but little better than some places in our own island, except that they are less subject to rain. Rome is damp, though mild. Still I have seen rain and snow for several successive days in the Piazza di Spagna and the high-streets above it. But I should be disposed to place it high in the list of Italian winter residences. Naples, unless you could by some magic, chain an invalid to the Chiaja is entirely beyond the pale. Pisa is wet, Florence is both cold and wet, and besides variable. The climate of Palermo is unknown to me, but experience of other places generally spoken of favorably by 137 those who know little or nothing about them practically, would lead me to distrust it. In the south of Spain, Malaga and Gibraltar are the best climates; but Gibraltar is subject to moist easterly winds very prejudicial to many, and affecting the spirits in a most depressing manner at the same time. Yet to counterbalance this, there is from the peculiar situation and form of the rock, a climate entirely distinct from any other in Europe. The advanced stage of vegetation there proves this. In the month of February the trees (at least some of them), will be out in leaf, and the Alameda or public garden be a mass of brilliant flowers, while a few miles inland not a leaf or a flower will be seen. A mile or two from the "Rock" at St. Roque or at the little village of Campo, only 3 miles from Gibraltar, there is an entire change, both in the temperature and the character of the air. At Seville during mid winter there is a good deal of rain, and it is not sufficiently near the sea

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to be under its mild influence; besides which cold blasts of air often sweep down from the Sierra Morena, and the high mountains about "Ronda."

Many years unbiassed experience of Miditerranean climates has in my case led to this result, that neither in Italy, France or Spain, is any climate to be found which during the whole of 138 the winter and spring months will save an invalid from trying weather; and if this be necessary, he should if able to bear some fatigue and roughing go farther south, to Egypt, Madeira, Tenériffe or the West Indies. In many parts of Italy and in Spain he will find a thinner air, clearer sky, and perhaps less rain, than at home; but he will have a hot sun, a keen air, and considerable alternations of temperature; while the effect of these will be increased by the want of the comforts and nursing of his own home: and very often, indifferent greasy food.

I do not consider it "*ultra crepidam*" for one who has practical experience, though no medical knowledge to offer an opinion on this subject. At any rate, I have too often witnessed the injury inflicted by advice given injudiciously, that I must express a hope that my presumption, if it be so, may be pardoned.

PART SECOND.

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CHAPTER VI.

FROM ROME TO NEW YORK.—SANDY HOOK.—THE "NARROWS."—BAY OF NEW YORK.—DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY.—CASTLE GARDENS AND BATTERY.—BROADWAY.—THE PARK.—UNION SQUARE.—BOWERY.—THE "TOMBS."—LAW COURTS.—THEATRES.—BOWLING SALOONS.—OYSTER SALOONS.—HOTELS.—FOOD.—EVILS OF HOTEL LIFE.—SOCIETY.—EDUCATION.—MANNERS AND APPEARANCE OF THE PEOPLE.—PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—ARCHITECTURE OF

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PRIVATE DWELLINGS.—SERVANTS.—RELIGION AND CHURCHES.—CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.—COMMERCE.—VIEW FROM THE BATTERY.

ITALY! How many pleasant images! how many days of the most refined enjoyment does this word invoke! Whatever is most beautiful in Nature, or perfect in Art, lies before the traveller in this land. The mere lover of Nature may luxuriate in the sunny environs of Naples, Baiæ, or Sorrento, or among the blue heights of Albano or Tivoli; the contemplative and studious may wander with delight among the storied and massive ruins of ancient Rome; and the lover of the Fine Arts will gratify his imagination and purify his taste in the artistic wealth of ages.

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A passing tribute, a lingering sigh of regret, may, therefore, be pardoned in one, long familiar with the manifold charms of this interesting land.

I was in Rome when a letter summoned me in great haste to Canada. A week took me to England, and in ten days I was crossing the Atlantic in a "Liner" for New York.

Being unfortunate in my fellow-passengers, I felt not only literally, but metaphorically, at sea. My mind wandered back to the glorious scenes and associations of the past winter, and felt acutely the rude shock by which they were at one blow shivered.

A gale of wind off the Western Islands, and a warm thick fog on the banks of Newfoundland, which dripped from the sails, penetrated the cabins, and made every part of the ship wretchedly uncomfortable, are all I have to chronicle of this passage.

The twenty-fourth day we made Block Island and Montauk lighthouse; and from hence were obliged to beat down the low sandy shore of Long Island. Crowds of vessels, outward and homeward bound, indicated that we were slowly approaching a large commercial city: in all other respects the scenery was tame. The only heights visible are those of Neversink, on the New Jersey shore; elsewhere all is flat, sandy, 143 and

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uninteresting We anchored in the outer bay (but inside Sandy Hook), as the wind swept violently through "The Narrows." Here, within sight of the shore, a poor girl, about eighteen years old (a steerage passenger), suddenly died. She caught cold from exposure on the wet deck, and, being treated homoeopathically, inflammation carried her off in thirty-six hours. Her body was sent ashore at the quarantine ground.

At early dawn the next morning a huge straggling-looking monster worked its way alongside, grappled us firmly in its claws, and proceeded to tow us through "The Narrows," and up the inner harbour, to New York. The American river steamboats are curious-looking specimens of naval architecture; but a little experience showed me that, under a rather unwieldy, grotesque form, every quality, except the power of contending against a heavy sea, is found in perfection; comfort, speed, luxury of all kinds, cheapness in the fare, and perfect independence. Let no man smile at a Transatlantic river steamboat.

The "Narrows," a channel about three-quarters of a mile broad, fortified on each side. separate the outer from the inner harbour, and are the gates, as it were, of New York. The ground rises to a moderate height, and is covered 144 with showy-looking villas and gardens. Everything is clean, appropriate, and, above all, green;—no slight pleasure to the sea-wearied eye—for a country must, indeed, be desolate which appears so after a long sea voyage.

The quarantine ground, sailors' hospital, and retreat, lie a little to the left after passing the "Narrows"—from hence the river opens out into a broad expanse of water. Full in front, is the brick-built city of New York, standing between the Hudson and the East River, and almost hidden by a forest of masts; to the left is the shore of New Jersey and the beautiful North River, whose banks are covered with charming residences nestling among the trees; to the right the heights and town of Brooklyn, having the East River (alive with countless craft) between it, and the parent city from whom this immense suburb has sprung.

Much has been said and written about the bay of New York, and, in truth, its beauty can scarcely be exaggerated. The only fault is a want of elevation in the surrounding country, which, although undulating, is too flat for the large surface on which the eye rests. Otherwise, there is a combination of land and water, island and mainland, farm and forest; all the life and bustle of a large commercial city, and the sleepy, sunny indolence of the haunts of pleasure, rarely to be met with.

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As a commercial position, it is unrivalled. The North River pours into its bosom the riches of the West; through the Sound and Hell-gate comes the commerce of the North; and, looking seaward, rare is the moment of the day when some tall ship, freighted, perhaps, with shawls from Cashmere, or cotton goods from Manchester, figs from the Levant, or tea from China, is not to be seen working its way slowly up the bay past the heights of New Brighton; where, by-the-bye, let the stranger repair for one of the finest views of this delightful and interesting scene. A glance at any good map will show at once how admirably most of the beauties of Nature are here grouped together. The New York people are proud of their bay and city, and with reason.

Let us, however, now land, after paying a passing tribute to the courtesy of the Custom-house officer who examined our luggage on board; and having found our way to an hotel, and recruited both the outer and the inner man by a warm bath and a glorious sherry cobbler (that prince of beverages), look around us. The city, we have before said, is built on a long narrow strip of land, tapering to a point; and it may be said to have three great arteries—Greenwich-street, running along the shore of the North River; Broadway, which may be K 146 called the backbone; and the Bowery. From Broadway radiate on both sides to each river numerous streets at right angles to it. Straiten the ribs of the skeleton of a whale, and you have the plan of the city of New York. At the apex of the triangle are the Castle Gardens and Battery, the favourite lounge of the New York people. Let us begin our stroll from this spot, and traverse the city from one end to the other. Every traveller is at

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once struck with the peculiarly Dutch appearance of this, the oldest part of the city of New York. The red brick houses, having trees planted before them—the style of architecture, and the cleanliness, bear very strongly the impress of the first founder and his followers. A people whose love of everything—national was so strong as to induce them to carry over with them from Holland the bricks of which their houses are built, though the forests around them abounded with timber, and the adjacent land of New Jersey was a mass of clay, were not likely to construct their buildings in so unsubstantial a manner as to permit even the lapse of two centuries to make much impression upon them.

Passing through this comparatively sombre, quiet, and yet attractive little section of the city, we soon enter the long, handsome street called “Broadway.” Here all is life: we plunge at once among a crowd of beings who know full well that time is money:—active restlessness, the quick eye, and the hasty nod, indicate plainly that we are near Wall-street, the Lombard-street of New York.

A little further on, opposite the Astor House, is a triangular garden called the Park; near this the street called the Bowery begins. In this Park stands the City Hall, the Court-house, and Post-office—not forgetting the celebrated Mr. Barnum's Museum, which is adjacent.

Pursuing our course up Broadway, the character of the street soon changes; the shops are less numerous and smaller; the blocks of good private houses more unbroken; handsome squares are seen on casting the eye down the streets to the left of Broadway; the churches become handsomer, and are more numerous; the population is thinner; and, at a short distance above Union-square, a decidedly suburban character is assumed. From the Castle Garden to this square is about three miles. A row of trees on either side line the footpath at the upper end of Broadway.

No person can traverse this street without being favourably impressed by it. Its length is great, the width good; the houses, shops, hotels, and public buildings, are substantial, strong, and, in many cases, imposing. A gaudiness K 2 148 in the paint, and a profusion

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of signboards, names, and advertisements (in many cases cut into and painted on the pavement from a desire, through eccentricity, to attract the eye of the passer-by), deface the street. The pavement is good, and crowded with people at all hours; but the carriages, except the omnibuses, are far inferior to those generally seen in the leading streets of London.

There is not much variety in the costume. The ladies follow the French fashions, and their toilette is generally so elaborate and expensive as to be better calculated for a drawing-room than a walk in the streets of a large city. Black faces meet you at every turn, and really form almost the only variety in the outward appearance of the *genus homo*. I very soon perceived that there was a want of nationality in the appearance of the people. Had I been asked to what section of the human family those I saw around me belonged, I could not have given a good ethnological reply. The truth is, that there is no race which in this city can fairly be said to preponderate. In other large places the national dress, language, and personal appearance, are enlivened rather than neutralized by the foreign element. Here all is cosmopolitan. New York is neither English, Yankee, Dutch, German, Italian, or French: 149 but, like a Spanish “Olla,” is a compound of all. No ingredient is obtrusively prominent; each component part of the whole is reckoned by thousands, not units. The result is, that every man, be his country what it may, will here find a section of his home. Its popularity is therefore great: no capital city, except Paris or Vienna, is an equal favourite with the world at large. Amusements of all kinds abound; for the mere loungeur, the oyster saloon, bowling alleys, and a host of similar places, will find entertainment. The lover of the stage or music will be able to gratify his taste; and the literary, scientific, or credulous man, will rarely be at a loss for a lecture upon any subject.

The fondness of this people for lectures has been often remarked; and it is perfectly true, that the driest and most obtruse, as well as the most ridiculous subject, will always command an audience. No European charlatan will ever appeal in vain; the greater the novelty the better; the more startling the theory advanced, the more likely it is to find

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disciples. Politics, religion, homœopathy, hydropathy, mesmerism, and clairvoyance, are each and all nightly descanted upon to interested, and, what is more, believing crowds.

Let us, however, prolong our walk a short distance from Union-square, in order that we may see the first great reservoir of the Croton aqueduct. The reader would learn but little were I to describe it minutely. The water is brought forty miles in sufficient quantity to supply abundantly a population four times as numerous as that of New York at the present time. The Americans consider it a far finer thing than any Roman aqueduct; be that as it may, it is highly creditable to their energy and engineering skill. Returning home through the Bowery, we visit the city prison, called the "Tombs." This curious sombre looking building is of Egyptian architecture, and perfectly unlike any prison to be found elsewhere. An uninformed stranger would take it to be a public library or literary institution of some kind. Like our Old Bailey, there are courts in the building for the trial of prisoners, nearly all of whom, when I visited the prison, were negroes or coloured people. The cells are wretched places. Executions take place within the walls in the presence only of the sheriff and a few of the city authorities; a practice which I cannot help thinking it would be well were we to adopt at home. A pass is obtained at the keeper's office, and with this you are allowed to range over the whole building entirely unattended, and apparently unwatched. While I was inside the walls, an Irish woman was brought in almost wholly naked, and intoxicated to the last degree of stupor; she was a most pitiable sight. The policemen who carried her appeared to be fully alive to the degraded nature of their burden; and for myself I can truly say, that neither in Drury-lane, nor Tottenham Court-road, have I ever seen, so degraded a specimen of the bloated sot. Another functionary followed, carrying her dirty ragged garments. All visits to such places are painful, and I was glad to be once more outside.

Not far from this prison are the law courts. The chancellor was not sitting; in the Circuit Court a son of the well known Judge Kent was on the bench. There was no attempt at judicial pomp or ceremony; neither judge nor counsel wore any professional costume, and the court was without carpet, curtain, or decoration of any sort; simply a raised seat for

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the judge, and a few deal benches for the bar, jury, witnesses, and spectators. The only judges in the United States who wear silk gowns are the judges of the Supreme Court. In the Circuit Court of Appeal two judges were sitting in banco. The hall was neatly fitted up and carpeted.

Law is cheap and speedy in its action in the "States;" the Americans are satisfied with it, and a foreigner has no right to find fault with the mere forms of a court, because they differ 152 from those of his own country. As in Scotland, however, the cheapness with which a legal war can be waged, is productive of a very litigious spirit. Perhaps it is as well that law should be like all luxuries, dear. The new civil code of this state, adopted on the report of a commission appointed three or four years ago, is almost a model of good practical common sense, combined with a thorough knowledge of the main principles, as well as the practice of law. It works well, and has been largely drawn upon by the framers of our own Common Law Procedure Act. There is one part of the constitution of the State of New York lately introduced to which an Englishman cannot reconcile himself. The judges are elected by the suffrages of the electors of the districts, great or small, over which the judge is to preside. They are chosen for eight years, and have no retiring pension, but may be re-elected. Still there is always the possibility, if not probability, of a judge being sent back to practice at the bar. When the judges in England were freed from the influence of the court and political parties, by making their tenure of office for life, it was considered a great triumph of public opinion, and it has undoubtedly led to the necessary consequence; the best lawyers seek a seat on the bench, and adorn it. The puisne judges 153 are invariably the best men. A seat in Parliament may, and sometimes does, it is true, promote an indifferent lawyer to preside over one of the Courts of Common Law, or Equity, though this is rare, and is a far less evil than the periodical election lately adopted by the state of New York, which must render the judge subordinate to those who have elected him. The salary, too, is small, 2,500 dollars or £500 a year. Certainly not enough to induce an able man to relinquish a large practice. Republics always pay those who serve them in a public

capacity in a very niggardly spirit; and the United States are no exception to the rule. From the President, to the lowest custom-house officer, the salaries are too small.

After dinner I went to the Olympic Theatre, but found the pieces so very flat, that I was soon induced to leave; and one of the numerous bowling saloons, with which the city abounds, attracted my attention on my return. A long room, with an arched Gothic roof elaborately decorated, having at the upper end a raised dais, carpeted and fitted up with tables, sofas, and chairs, refreshments of all kinds, and cigars, gave the plebeian game of nine-pins quite an aristocratic appearance. Being invited to “exercise,” I declined. The greater part of the space is, of course, occupied by the 154 alleys:—these are floored with a highly-polished hard wood, are about four feet wide, and perhaps sixty long. At the upper end are the pins, and a thickly padded leather screen to stop the ball. At the end of each alley stands a boy, to roll back, on a raised slide, the balls just delivered by the player.

The game is fatiguing, and a great favourite here. In Philadelphia a law was passed to put down this game—for what reason is not very readily apparent. In the act it was called “nine-pins;” but the number of the pins were quickly changed into ten instead of nine, by which simple means the law was evaded. Finding that this stiff-necked attempt to interfere with this really innocent amusement would not be obeyed, the act has been repealed.

Other great lounges are the oyster saloons. These are generally long, narrow, handsome rooms, elegantly furnished, and divided into snug little boxes, separated by curtains. At the entrance is a semicircular bar, at which beverages of all kinds are served out: most of these are excellent, and have been often described. Around these bars congregate the New York “loafer and rowdy”—two terms unknown in the Old World. Their prototypes at home would be the idle, restless, dissipated, vulgar frequenters of cider cellars, cigar divans, and other haunts of low vice and dissipation.

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The back of these bars is usually adorned with some painting of a very stimulating character, after the French school. In these saloons, oysters, cooked in every conceivable manner, are served up. When stewed, they are delicious, but too large to be eaten uncooked, without some previous training. The Americans manage, somehow or other—and without mastication—to dispose of an oyster as large as the top of an ordinary tumbler—a feat which to me always appeared as difficult as any performed by the “Wizard of the North,” or Monsieur Houdin. Stewed terrapins and pickled clams are also peculiar to this country, and much eaten. Neither the one nor the other were to me palatable food. In every country taste varies; for it required some time to induce the native Americans to eat shrimps, although they are caught hill the neighbourhood of New York.

While on the subject of food, I may as well say, that in every part of the United States through which I travelled, except parts of Virginia and the Western States, I found it excellent. The hotels are well managed and reasonable in their charges, which vary from three dollars to one dollar a day, including the English charge for attendance. If the traveller require either wine or beer of any kind, it will be an extra charge. A bad custom of giving a 156 fee to the waiter at the dinner-table has lately become prevalent, and should, for many reasons, be discouraged. It arises from selfishness and a desire to be better attended to than your neighbour, and makes the waiter uncivil and inattentive to those who give nothing. The usual hours for breakfast are from half-past seven to ten; dinner, at half-past one and four o'clock; at which latter hour I would advise all strangers to dine, as ladies then form part of the company, and the dinner is better served, and eaten more deliberately; tea is on the table at six; and, in general, a capital supper is served at nine or ten, and remains until midnight. Lobster salad, admirably made, is a very favourite dish at this meal.

At the hotels out of the large cities the hours are more regular, and usually there is but one *table d'hote* at one or two o'clock. On the whole, there is not much fault to be found with the arrangements of the hotels. A little more furniture in the bed-rooms would be

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desirable; and the Continental custom adopted by the Americans, of attaching newspapers in files to an iron frame, is very inconvenient to the mere reader for pleasure, though the reverse for the mercantile man. Sitting rooms are found in all the hotels, some of which are appropriated to ladies alone and their friends. Gentlemen who may 157 be staying in the house have not access to them, unless in some way connected, or at least intimate with one or more of the ladies who occupy them. It is quite unnecessary to make any remarks upon the evils attending the practice of resigning the privacy of home for the less expensive maintenance of a family at an hotel. The custom is very general—is, in my opinion, most injurious, and I sincerely hope will, ere long, be almost entirely abandoned. Indifferent servants, early marriages, and economy, are the reasons assigned; but do not, I must say, justify the very general prevalence of the custom. That it must lead, in very many cases, to disastrous consequences, appears to me inevitable; though I should be sorry to give currency to half the statements made to me on this subject. English wives will judge for themselves.

The table at the large hotels is always well and plentifully supplied. In out-of-the-way places pork and eggs form too much the staple entertainment. The cookery is more French than English. Fruit and sweets of all kinds abound at every meal, and the quantity of strawberries eaten is really wonderful: plate after plate disappears with marvellous rapidity.

Pickled beef, clams, and other kindred stimulating dishes, are much eaten at tea. Wheaten bread and corn (Indian) are brought to table 158 in endless variety. Thin rice cakes, eaten with treacle or molasses, are also favourites. The Americans are not delicate eaters, and occasionally shock a traveller, accustomed to good society, by mixing (to him) incongruous food, and by rather hasty and abrupt manners at table. At the same time, he must bear in mind that the persons usually met with at hotels are of the class of commercial travellers and lesser merchants at home. In criticising their manners this should not be forgotten.

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To seize upon any peculiarity, and exaggerate it, is easy. To represent, as characteristic of a whole people, manners which are to be found in a mere section of it—to dress them up and present them to the reader in amusing language—may flatter national vanity; but it is highly unfair. The caricature is not the best likeness. I mixed, during several months, in every class of American society. The highly-bred English or French gentleman, accustomed to the best and most refined society, is not to be found in America: there is no school for such. But you will find, with this exception, most native Americans (I use this term advisedly, because the States are deluged with people from other countries, who are the loudest talkers and most obtrusively ill-mannered) superior in intelligence and manners to persons filling the same position elsewhere.

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This is peculiarly the case with the lower order of agriculturists. Place the small yeoman or farm-labourer of England by the side of the same class in America, and the contrast is great. The coarse, heavy clothes, slouching, lumbering walk, rough speech, and lifeless stolidity of the one, do not appear in a favourable light by the side of the slim, active, light-clothed, intelligent, inquisitive, and somewhat restless American. I have often sighed to think that the figure before me, clad in fustian shooting-coat, plush waistcoat, knee-breeches, gaiters, and half-with a hundred-weight of iron on the soles, was a fair specimen of the English “raw material.” Those who have been in America will, I am sure, agree with me in this.

Ascending a little higher in the social scale, there is less to reform, and, therefore, less superiority. Still the manners of the retail dealer, easy and self-reliant, are a great improvement upon the cringing, humble servility often found in the shopkeeper at home.

Amongst professional men there is not much difference. Education rubs down the salient angles everywhere; but I almost incline to think that in this class the scale would turn the other way.

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Really good society is not easy of access to a traveller in the United States; he must not only 160 come well recommended, but must linger long upon his road.

The hotel, the steamboat, or the rail, are not fair places to judge of national manners, particularly in a nation composed of such heterogeneous materials as this. Quiet, educated people, in a republic, keep rather in the background; and such are to be found in all parts of the Union.

Society in New York has been much laughed at and abused. I do not feel that my experience would warrant me in doing so. Many a delightful day have I spent wandering on the banks of the Hudson, with kind, intelligent, and hospitable friends; whose homes were surrounded with every comfort and luxury, and whose doors were never closed against those who had a fair claim to enter them. They were, it is true, branded as “Aristocrats,” which, in America, means simply, that they did not interfere in politics or municipal elections—were not at home either on the platform or the stump—used some little discretion in the choice of society, and were content to live quietly and unseen amid the turmoil of the world around them. To differ, or to affect to differ, with the tastes and habits of the majority, is, in America, a crying sin: it is considered an assumption of superiority, as conveying an indirect reproof, 161 and as indicating that their conduct and opinions are open to exception.

All society, in a city like New York, cannot be good; neither have I found it so elsewhere. Take class for class, and it need not blush by the side of its European competitors.

The north-eastern, or purely Yankee States, differ widely from the hot-tempered, generous, hospitable man of the South. The far West has a character of its own: all is wild, new, rough, and rude. As is the life, so are the people.

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To know the Americans you must visit them. No written description will be just. Like a rule relating to the gender of French nouns, the exceptions will be so numerous, that in the end the rule itself will be forgotten.

Every climate, from tropical heat to Siberian cold; pursuits the most various; the wealthy, luxurious city, and the newly-planted log-hut, whose inhabitants see but the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, must and do present striking contrasts.

Women in the United States generally marry when mere girls. They are delicate, fragile, and beautiful. In roundness of form they are deficient, and almost always have bad teeth. An American lady is rarely seen on horseback; while a natural delicacy of constitution is not L 162 often counteracted by living; much in the open air, and by healthy, if rather unfeminine, amusements. I believe that this is acknowledged and felt to be an evil, and that it will gradually give way to the good common sense for which the American people are so remarkable.

One peculiarity of American society deserves mention: young ladies, until they are married, enjoy great social freedom; they are permitted to go where they like, and do and say what they like. When married, however, all is changed; restraint—nay, even demureness of manner—is exacted. The English rule is reversed, and that most completely.

It may appear rash to say that I consider American women in general badly educated. Such, however, is my opinion, and it was not adopted hastily, or without some means of knowledge. Too much is attempted—too wide a scope embraced: it is the discursive system of the Scotch Universities applied to women, who are taught, and profess to know, not only those branches of knowledge which are properly within their sphere, but also those which, in the Old World, are studied by the stronger sex alone.

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The public buildings in New York are generally well adapted for the purpose to which they are devoted, but are neither grand nor in very good taste. The Custom-house is an exception: it is constructed solely of marble, roof as well as walls, and is fireproof; the centre is a rotunda, well fitted up and handsome, but kept, I thought, much too hot. Nothing mean or paltry will meet the eye in New York, except sought in such parts as the "Five Points," corresponding to our St. Giles', where negroes, Irish, and the vagabonds and scoundrels always abounding in large cities, fix their abodes, and find a refuge.

Tall, red brick houses, many-windowed, and plastered all over with signboards and names, occasionally diversified by an ambitious building of stone, from the streets. Wooden houses are fast disappearing; jalousie blinds abound, and long rows of canvass awnings stretch their protecting shield over the panting pedestrian. These are a good substitute for the heavy arcades of Italian towns, and possess one great advantage—they can be removed when not wanted. Many a time have I shivered under a damp, cold arcade in Italy, and longed to be able to roll it up like an American canvass awning.

In general, the private houses are too large for the number of servants kept, which leads to the uncomfortable practice of living almost entirely in the basement, and using the rest of the house for reception rooms on grand occasions.

Servants are here a great plague. Most ladies consider them so, I believe, everywhere; but here the native-born Americans rarely condescend to this employment; and, when they do so, insist on treatment utterly at variance with those rules necessary in all well-regulated establishments. The servants are, therefore, chiefly Irish, or "Blacks." May, is the great month for house-moving, both in the sense in which the word is generally used, and literally; for, as is well known, it is no uncommon practice here to move an entire house from one situation, and place it in another.

Simplicity and neatness within the city give place to a good deal of pretension and bad taste in the architecture of the private residences in the surrounding country, especially

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on the banks of the North River. Here wooden porticoes and colonnades meet you at every step, and of every variety of architecture—generally deviating slightly, to suit the taste of the owner or builder, from the pure models of antiquity. Pericles would sigh, and scarcely fancy himself again at Athens. In a new and extremely commercial country, it would be absurd to look for buildings which should rival those on the “Acropolis,” or houses like Italian palaces; but it would have been well if the aspiring and energetic 165 inhabitants of this country had not, by an attempt to soar too high, fallen so low. Bad and meretricious as these buildings are when seen too close, at a distance the effect is good; and this is Jonathan's answer—so that it be a portico, no matter though it be a wooden one—“Distance lends *deception* to the view!” If the wood would not crack, and the paint rub off, or the columns stand upright, and not become rickety, it would certainly be all the better.

On the churches no expense is spared. They are the ladies' pets, and decorated accordingly. St. Luke's (Episcopalian), Broadway, is exceedingly handsome outside; and within, during the evening service, was a perfect blaze of wax lights and chandeliers. This church is nearly the oldest in New York. A new Gothic Church, in Brooklyn, was also exciting great interest, and would have delighted the Rev. Mr. Bennett, of St. Barnabas, and his private theatrical “coadjutors.” Much attention is paid to the singing.

In the Episcopalian Churches there are some few verbal alterations in the service, in which vigour of expression is sacrificed to a false sense of delicacy. The Episcopalian Church throughout the States is not the favourite form of worship. Every kind of dissent is rife. At Boston, and some other parts of the north-eastern States, 166 Unitarianism predominates. The incomes of the clergy arise entirely from pew rents and voluntary subscriptions. Where the preacher is popular, the pew rents are extravagantly high. Churches are constantly built by shareholders as speculations. An eloquent minister is obtained—a liberal salary given; the church is crowded; seats are let at a high—in many cases almost a fabulous price—and a large interest is secured on the money expended. Congregations, too, pride themselves on being select; and as much canvassing often

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takes place to procure a pew in a particular church as in England to gain an invitation to a select ball at Court or elsewhere. In my opinion, the whole system is rotten at the core; but, at the same time, I am quite aware that at home, where the clergyman is not appointed by, and is independent of, his congregation, many evils often arise. In this, as in many other cases, there are arguments *pro* and *con* .

I was much pleased with a little floating church for seamen, supported on two boats of thirty tons each, moored in the East River; the church was neatly fitted up, and capable of holding about 500 persons. While I was in New York, a concert was given at the Broadway Tabernacle for the benefit of another church. A great concourse of people assembled: 167 the singing was good. The concert began with an anthem, sung by about fifty voices, followed by a most dolefully delivered prayer; after which some sacred and profane music was strangely jumbled together. The amusements terminated with a recitation, by Professor—, of a speech delivered during the struggle for independence. The propriety of introducing such a subject on such an occasion may be questioned.

Education is on an excellent footing. Besides the colleges and private schools, where a high course of instruction prevails, there are in each district public schools for the poor, supported by a tax levied on all real estate in the district. It follows, then, that the children of the really poor are educated gratuitously, as the tax falls upon those who are rich, or comparatively so, and who do not send their children to these schools. The scholars bring their own books. In the school at Brooklyn, visited by me, there were about 500 children of all ages (boys and girls), from four to fifteen. The system of instruction seemed kind and effective—the manner of the teachers affectionate and agreeable. The children held dialogues, and recited; even the youngest acquitted themselves creditably. Religious information was evidently, much attended to; but it was general and practical— 168 not doctrinal. The whole school received, during my visit, a lesson in music on “Hullah's” principle. It was delightful to see the little things—many almost infants—keep time with precision, and to hear their feeble voices mingling harmoniously with those of their seniors. The teachers were very capable, superior persons. My visit pleased me greatly; and

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I came away impressed with the idea, that the school was a credit to its district, to its teachers and scholars, and every one connected with it.

In the present state of New York, the tax for the common school education is more heavy than our income tax: it amounts, I believe, to nearly, if not quite, five per cent. on the rateable property. When, as, in America, the whole power of the State centres in the masses, it is not only a duty, but an act of self-preservation on the part of those who have anything to lose, to place instruction so generally within the reach of the poor as to fit them for the proper exercise of the rights and privileges of freemen. By this means alone can the selfish demagogue be prevented from exercising such control as must inevitably lead to the utter extinction of all real freedom. This truth, I am happy to say, is fully recognised in the State of New York.

Charitable institutions abound, but, with the 169 exception of a large casualty hospital in Broadway, are situated some distance from the city on the road to Haarlem, and also on the banks of the North River.

No one can stroll along the vast blocks of stores, lining each river on either side of this city, without being greatly struck by the extent of the business which must be transacted. Everything in the commercial world moves with startling rapidity. A crisis arrives; its effects are severely felt; credit (an American's money) is gone: for a time all is prostrate. People then begin to look about them. Those who have saved something do business quietly, pay well, and credit again rises; with it larger speculations are undertaken—until at last all again get beyond their depth, and another check is the consequence. In England a commercial crisis is felt only by the few. Here, as all are engaged, all suffer. Few are the idlers in New York: such a life is far from being esteemed, and is almost sure to lead to vice. Station in society is lost rather than gained by it. I do not mean to imply that property will not here, as well as in other countries, raise its possessor in the social scale; but merely that a man is expected to strive to increase in some career or other even that which

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he hath. In this active and busy hive, drones are out of place, and generally 170 seek an asylum in the gay abandon of Paris or Vienna.

Before I leave New York, let me take the reader to the terrace of the Castle Gardens, which, I have before said, is the most charming promenade in the city. The building stands on a little island jutting out into the bay, and is joined to the rest of the city by a slight wooden bridge. It forms the apex of the triangular promontory on which the city of New York is built. In front are "The Narrows" and high lands adjoining: hundreds of white sails flit about in every direction; steamers without end advance like giants, tracing their progress through the water by forming waves, spreading wider and wider as the huge machines approach. On the right bank is a line of blue hills, called Staten Island, and Hoboken, the resort of the citizens on pleasure parties and pic-nics. Carrying the eye further on, and passing the town of Weehawken, the fine bold ridge of granite rocks called the "Palisades" bound the river for some miles. Full in front is Governor's Island, crowned with a fortress commanding the entrance to both ports, and Bedloe's Island, which is used as a convict establishment. On the other side of the East River stands the town of Brooklyn, picturesquely built on rising ground, and separated from the main city of New York by 171 a crowd of shipping. The scene is most lovely. God, in his wisdom, has been bountiful, and the genius of this industrious people has made a good use of the "talent" confided to them.

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CHAPTER VII.

FROM NEW YORK TO CANADA.—HUDSON RIVER.—WEST POINT ACADEMY.—THE HIGH-LANDS.—KAATSKILL MOUNTAINS.—PINE ORCHARD.—ALBANY.—TROY.—ERIE RAILROAD.—NEGRO CARS.—VALLEY OF THE MOHAWK.—LITTLE FALLS.—HERKIMER.—GERMAN EMIGRANTS. UTICA.—ROME.—SYRACUSE.—SALINA.—SALT WORKS.—CANAL TO OSWEGO.—LAKES IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

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—LAKE GEORGE.—WARLIKE EVENTS.—DRUNKENNESS.—LAKE ONTARIO.—
ENTRANCE OF ST. LAWRENCE.—KINGSTON.—BAY OF QUINTÉ

I left New York for Albany by the steamer, and travelled 145 miles with great comfort, in nine hours, for a dollar and a half (6s.)

The Hudson is a noble stream. One bank, for some miles after leaving New York, is covered with country houses and their pleasure grounds; the other is bounded by a flat ridge of rocks, rising to a height of about 500 feet, forming a strong contrast to the gently sloping shore of the opposite bank. Above this the river expands into a broad sheet of water, called the Tappaan Zee. Next, the boat rapidly glides through a succession of apparently small lakes, 173 twisting and turning through abrupt precipitous rocky hills, but covered with small timber to the water's edge. This is the most beautiful part of the stream. Like the Rhine forcing its way through the Taunus range of hills, the Hudson is here compelled to yield to the nature of the ground. Beautiful, indeed, are the little lake-like expansions, which here form the river. West Point, situated on the shore of one of these, is a little Eden; and some care has been judiciously exercised in not defacing this retired nook, more than is absolutely necessary, by the buildings of the well-known Military Academy. West Point has been so often described, that it is unnecessary for me to dwell upon it here. It is the only military training school the United States possess, and is regarded by the mass of the people with great jealousy—some difficulty being generally experienced in passing the annual vote for its support through Congress. The discipline maintained is very strict. Very many of the students leave before their course of study expires. Most young men are, in all countries, impatient of restraint, and are particularly so in America; added to which, the military profession does not hold the same rank in society as in other countries: it is simply tolerated as a necessary nuisance. The army is very small (about 9,000 men), and is chiefly employed in 174 small detachments in the thankless, dull, inglorious duty of guarding the extended frontier of the Union against the Indians. The irregular force looks down upon the regular; the colonel of militia is a greater man than the colonel Of the regular army. The soldiers are almost all Irish and Dutch, with

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some few deserters from English regiments quartered in Canada. Few native Americans will enlist—and they are right; no career offers so little inducement. The officers are so scattered, that they have no “mess,” which, in most services, promotes *esprit du corps*, and gives a higher tone both of manners and feeling.

Above this the stream flows through a level country, abounding in clean, snug little towns, and here and there a residence of the better class perched on some knoll, or on the shore of a green little bay. These houses have invariably some attempt at architectural beauty, and none are without wide sweeping verandahs. At Kingston the Kaatskill mountains, the scene of Rip Van Winkle's twenty years' nap, come into sight. This range is thickly timbered throughout, and is some distance from the river; the intervening space being a level plain of about ten or twelve miles broad, only partially cleared, and thinly inhabited. The banks gradually become more tame, the stream narrower, the 175 current more rapid; and navigation for vessels of any burthen ceases at Troy, about five miles above Albany. As far as Albany the average width of the almost currentless stream is about a mile; and I myself saw a square-rigged ship of about 400 tons burden lying off a wharf more than 100 miles from New York. Its capabilities for navigation may, therefore, be imagined.

On my return from Canada I landed at this part of the river to pay a visit of a few days to the far-famed Pine Orchard Hotel, situated on this range of mountains, 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. The ascent of the mountain offers most lovely views over an immense extent of country; and the spot on which the hotel stands is one of the most striking in the world. A small space, at the very brink of a precipice 1,500 feet deep, has been cleared; on this, within a few yards of the edge, stands the hotel. The view is magnificent. An immense tract of country lies below you, through which the white stream of the Hudson flows like a silken thread. The dark foliage of the trees, and the little towns on the margins of the stream, enable the eye to trace its course mile after mile—until to the south it is lost among the high lands about West Point, and to the north among the hills of Connecticut. The view extends at least 100 miles in every direction, presenting a most exquisite 176 panorama of a large part of the States of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and

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Vermont. One cannot help being struck with the immense quantity of forest still standing, the small part of the country which is under arable cultivation, and the apparent spareness of the population, in so old settled a district, and so near a city which may be said to be, not only the capital of the State of New York, but of the whole Union. The scenery of the surrounding mountain range is very beautiful, though it scarcely rises into grandeur: dark forests cover the surface, and deep ravines, with small streamlets of water, intersect the range everywhere. The change in climate, too, is great. I left Saratoga Springs in the month of August, reduced, by the extreme heat, to a state of almost total blindness. In three or four days the tonic air of the "Mountain House" completely restored my sight. The difference in temperature was about thirty degrees (after sunset); though, during the day, not quite so much.

The banks of the river at Albany were crowded with steamers of all sizes—one in particular, the "Empire City," being of 1,000 horse-power, and exactly the sixteenth of a mile in length. In these river boats the machinery is all on deck; nothing, therefore, interferes with the saloon below, which, in this boat, ran 177 the whole length of the vessel, was elaborately decorated, and adorned from one end to the other with carefully-painted marine and fancy subjects. The deck was supported by graceful Corinthian columns, showily gilded. This boat was the crack vessel on the river, and had accomplished a speed of twenty-two miles an hour. In the Hudson there is scarcely any current, and the tide is but slightly felt; the water is smooth, the river wide, and not crowded with vessels: nothing, therefore, interferes with the management or great speed of these boats. The wheel is forward on a raised deck, a few feet from the bows; the rudder chains are of iron, and conducted along either side of the upper or hurricane-deck on grooves and rollers. The position of the wheel is very advantageous for the man at the helm, as he has a perfect command of every object around him, and can steer the vessel alongside the various wharves at the stopping places with precision. Nothing, indeed, can be more admirable than the way in which this is managed; no time is lost, and there is no noise or bustle. The Americans take great pride in these boats, and spare no

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expense upon them; every possible comfort is to be had on board; and, from their peculiar construction, there is good shelter from the weather, without going below into a close cabin. M 178 The meals are well served; the “Bar” produces every kind of beverage, from gin-slings and brandy cock-tails to soda-water and mineral water from the Saratoga and Balston Springs. The barber’s shop is never absent, and always filled with candidates—for the razor. Those Americans who travel much rarely shave themselves. In English steam-boats the ladies are generally worse accommodated than travellers of the stronger sex. In America this is not the case: the best part of the boat is reserved for their accommodation. All must give way to them. No man is admitted into the dining saloon until all the ladies are seated at the table, when they rush in pell-mell. After that, should a lady require either, the chair is, without ceremony, taken from under you, and the plate from before you. No male epicure will here be able to gratify his appetite with tit-bits. Should he make an attempt to do so, it will be futile. “A lady, sir!” is considered sufficient. Away goes his plate, which can only be followed by a sigh: remonstrance would be vain. The Americans pride themselves upon this courtesy to women, and consider it a sign of high civilization; and they are, no doubt, right; but it seemed to me to be carried to an extreme, that women were treated like petted children, and that they must often feel rather annoyed 179 than pleased by the excessive politeness and consideration shown them. At the same time, it is an honour to this country that an unprotected woman of any age may travel through its length and breadth, from Boston to New Orleans, from New York to the farthest West, without an insult, or the slightest attempt to take advantage of her youth or inexperience.

Let us, however, find our way through lines of huge stores to Delavan’s Hotel, and after tea look around. This town, it is almost needless to say, is one of the oldest in the States, was founded by the early Dutch settlers, and is the capital of the State of New York. Here the Senate and House of Representatives for that State hold their sittings. As Europeans are often not well versed in the American constitution, I may as well say that each State has its own Senate and Representatives, its own Governor, and its own courts of law and judges. Besides this, it returns, according to its population, a certain number of Senators

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and Representatives to the federal government at Washington; but within its own borders it is entirely independent of the federal power; except in certain cases, and on certain subjects, of sufficient importance to concern the Union at large. On all purely local matters it is practically an independent power. M 2

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The town is built on ground rising rather abruptly from the river, and partakes largely of the Dutch character. The main street, called State-street, is broad and well built, but badly paved, and full of rubbish and dirt; it terminates in a garden or square, in which stands the City Hall, State House, Academy, and Shire Hall. The State House is in pure taste and massive, the City Hall less so. The Baptist Chapel of Ionic architecture is one of the most imposing buildings in the town. Trees abound in the streets, and the whole of the upper part of the City is well laid out in good streets and squares, devoted entirely to private residences. A sombre, grave, old-fashioned solidity and gravity reigns throughout this part of the town. Near the river, all is new, staring, bustling and thriving, a thing of to-day, whereas above we are carried back to the past, the era of Hendrick Hudson and his immediate companions.

Five miles above Albany on the other bank of the river, stands the rival town of Troy. This place is of far more recent origin, but has risen rapidly, and bids fair to outstrip as a commercial entrepôt its older neighbour. The Erie canal and the Mohawk river enter the Hudson almost opposite Troy, which gives it an advantage over Albany. These towns, like Sparta 181 and Athens, have an undying feud and hatred of each other.

A railroad of a rather indifferent kind, with steep inclined planes, carried me through Schenectady and Utica to Syracuse. There is but one fare on American railroads, not as with us, various classes. The carriages are all alike; they are long, have a passage through the centre, from end to end, and rows of benches on either side; each holding two persons. In cold weather a stove is fixed in the passage of each carriage. On the outside at either end is a small platform, partly surrounded by an iron railing; on this you can stand

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without danger, while the train is in motion, and by means of it pass from one carriage to another along the whole train. This is a very great convenience.

Each train has a separate carriage for negroes and coloured people, who are not permitted to ride in the same vehicle with their white brethren. This is an anomaly in a Republic where all profess to be equal; but it has been so often alluded to that I may be pardoned for not enlarging much upon it here.

It does not of course touch the question of slavery, New York being a non-slaveholding State; it is simply one, out of the many galling ways, in which a free negro, in a free state, is made conscious of his social inferiority. Indeed 182 (although the readers and admirers of Uncle Tom, and other similar tales, may not readily believe it), the negro, when free in the eye of the law, is much less considerately or kindly treated by his white fellow citizens, than as a slave, by his master. The reason probably is this—a slave cannot and dare not presume; kindness, nay even affection, may be shown to him with impunity, “whereas that free nigger must be taught his place,” and kept in it.

Those who have lived long among a large negro population must and do know that social equality is out of the question. Ask any European “whether he would like his sister to marry a black man, though it were even Soulouque, Emperor of Hayti.” What would be the answer? In the affirmative? I trow not. A natural and universal instinct says, Nay. The Americans consider this a fair touchstone, and it is one in common use among them when pressed upon the point. They endeavour to palliate unnecessary harshness by putting an extreme case, and attack the judgment by an appeal to the feelings. Circumstances, only known to the initiated, partly excuse, but cannot justify, the extreme contumely with which free blacks are treated in the non-slaveholding States. On this subject, and that of slavery, the Americans are very sensitive. Few defend slavery in the abstract; 183 it is admitted to be a gross wrong, and unjustifiable; but those who, from residence in the Southern States, are competent to give an opinion, state emphatically, that the few cases which have, during the last few years, been so ably, painfully, but dramatically brought before the

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public, are most unfair representations of the practical working of the system, as a whole, and with reference to the negro character. There are many sober-thinking people in the free states who are of opinion that the excessive zeal of the Abolitionists has done more harm than good; that the high-spirited planters and slave-holders in the south have been more irritated than convinced by their agitation; and that what would have been gradually given up under a more gentle pressure from without, will be adhered to pertinaciously, when coercion and abuse axe the weapons of attack. I am by no means sure that there is not a good deal of force in this opinion, from my own observation of the character and temperament of the southern planters.

Until the railway enters the valley of the Mohawk, the country is barren and desolate. This stream runs through a well-settled and fertile country. Village succeeds village in rapid succession—the district being thickly peopled. In many places, as at the “Little Falls of the 184 Mohawk,” the country assumes a rocky, rugged but highly-picturesque character. At this spot there are several large woollen mills, and the district has, in consequence, every appearance of prosperity. At the railway station crowds of people attend, offering sparkling little stones, something like the Brighton diamonds, for sale. Between this place and Herkimer there are large colonies of Germans, who, when they emigrate, usually do so in large numbers. Not only whole families, but frequently the entire population of a considerable district, leave their home together, cross the Atlantic in the same ship, and occupy the same tract of their adopted country. In many parts of the United States, and particularly so in Pennsylvania and New York, a traveller might imagine himself in Germany. The dress, the language, and the habits of their fatherland, are so religiously adhered to by these sober, industrious, but rather ignorant colonists, that the Anglo-Saxon element modifies hardly perceptibly their distinctive nationality. I think that at Harrisburg, in Pennsylvania, I noticed this more than in any other part of the States visited by me—though about German flats and Herkimer it is also very marked. At Harrisburgh, even the newspaper offered to me was written in the German language. They are considered in the 185 States to be what Charles Dickens calls the Hudson Bay Company—viz., “Stop-

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the-Way” people—and the repudiating Pennsylvanians lay the entire blame of the non-payment some years ago of the interest on their State debt to the German influence in the local legislature. The debt was incurred by the construction of canals and railways; which, crossing the Alleghany mountains, opened up the Western States. The facility, therefore, with which emigrants could obtain access to the fertile, cheap land of Ohio, induced them to pass by the already settled districts in Pennsylvania, where land was comparatively dear; and consequently it was found that the farms occupied by the Pennsylvanian settlers did not increase in value, as it was anticipated they would do, by those who first reclaimed them from the forest. The Germans, therefore, said—“We have been injured instead of benefitted by your internal improvements, and consequently we will not tax ourselves to pay for the outlay incurred.”

The trains stop frequently for refreshments, which consist chiefly of pastry and other kindred eatables. Amazing cups of tea are swallowed in an almost scalding state. The hotels in this part of the State of New York are chiefly conducted on the temperance principle. The feeling against drinking is general. 186 Active measures are taken to suppress it, and, it appeared to me, with success. The newspapers are full of articles against this vice, and the walls of the hotels covered with highly-coloured prints, professing to show the state of the internal economy of those who drink spirits to any extent—from the mere occasional sipper of a glass, to the confirmed sot. The gradations of inflammatory action were too carefully regulated to be strictly true to nature. Where the worst stage was depicted, the eye could scarcely rest on the subject for a moment, so horribly disgusting did it appear! As a warning, these prints, doubtless, do good. At Baggs's Hotel, in Utica (where I dined and slept), about forty people were at table, and not one drank anything but tea and water. Very few afterwards went to the bar to drink, which, in the more Southern States, is the usual practice. Wines are exceedingly clear throughout the Union. No decent Madeira, which is the favourite wine, is anywhere to be had for less than one-and-a-half or two dollars the bottle: other wines are about the same price. There is a Madeira (Governor Kirby's) in the Astor House wine list at fifteen dollars a bottle. I

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wonder who drinks it. In New York a great quantity of Champagne (real and fictitious) is consumed. It is said that much of it is manufactured from New Jersey turnips.

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The evenings hang heavily on a traveller's hands in most of the towns in the States. The bar, with the commercial tone of its conversation, and the other public rooms, are but indifferent lounges. One's own bed-room is not a tempting place for any other purpose than sleep. Public amusements worth going to, are rarely found; nor are there any of those cheap, agreeable cafés and other lounges which abound in Continental towns. Utica is, in this respect, quite *en regle* ; and, indeed, I found it so throughout the States, except at the large cities on the seacoast.

The distinctive characteristics of pure, unadulterated Yankeeism, are largely developed in Utica: even the passing traveller will at once detect this. It is a manufacturing town, and highly flourishing, and will doubtless, as they say for themselves, still go-ahead.

Exceedingly unfavourable weather prevented my visiting the Trenton Falls, which lie a few miles from this place; and I was obliged to content myself with a stroll through the Museum, in which were exhibited, as a curiosity, a pair of ordinary half-boots worn by labouring men at home. Under them was this inscription—"Shoes such as are worn by the peasantry in England!" Even the ploughman in the States does his work in Wellington boots, and would scorn to be shod in any other manner. Some 188 of the streets are very pretty and neat. Little white porticoed and pillared dwellings, snugly placed each in its small garden, a light-painted fence dividing it from the pavements—every window being, as usual, provided with green Venetian blinds—line each side. The pavement is shaded by a row of trees planted on the outside of the path. These cottages must please an English eye, being pictures of order, cleanliness, and comfort. It would be unfair to criticise the taste of the architecture of these little pill-boxes. They are beneath criticism, and yet immeasurably above it.

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As usual, the place abounds with gigantic red brick stores—hideous, but useful. An auctioneer, standing on a barrel in the street selling goods, amused me infinitely. Clever roguery, amazing quickness, perseverance, low wit, and apparently instinctive knowledge of character, were displayed by this man.

No one but a Yankee could have done it in the same style. Those who have read—and who has not?—Halliburton's "Sam Slick" may have some notion of this man's soft sawder, and mode of doing business; but he appeared to me to distance his prototype hollow.

The country between this place and Syracuse is flat and uninteresting, and very thinly settled. Even the City of Rome consists of a few 189 ambitious taverns, and a log hut or two. The City of Syracuse, on the contrary, has advanced with giant strides, and is a place of large population and commercial importance. It is built in a most excellent commercial position. The Buffalo Railroad and the Erie Canal run through it, and the Oswego Canal brings down to this point the commerce of Lake Ontario.

This canal conveyed me next day to Oswego. The boat was good, but very full of passengers and baggage. The speed attained is great; at times six miles an hour. Everything as usual was well managed and arranged; done on the go a-head principle and well—nationally characteristic. A functionary, who performed the arduous and double duty of barber and steward, after some time came on deck, and while ringing a bell, chaunted in good nasal tones—

"All you who have not paid your fare, Step down, you'll find the Captain there,"

which poetical command was immediately obeyed by all; for nothing can exceed the implicit obedience always yielded at once by the Americans when travelling to those in authority on railroads, steamers, or stages, or the good temper with which any mishap is borne. This struck me as being a curious trait in the American character, for no people on other occasions like to feel the curb of authority less. 190 It is so, however, as I have

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repeatedly witnessed. When an Englishman will fume, and fret and perhaps swear, the American says it cannot be helped, and quietly goes to work to mend matters as soon as possible.

The number of bridges is a great nuisance, as many of these scarcely clear the deck by more than two feet. When this is the case, the scramble and crushing which takes place when the deck is thickly covered with people may be imagined. A warning voice continually exclaims "high bridge," or "low bridge," according to circumstances; and the rule of polite life is reversed; the lower the object, the more abject the bow.

The locks are numerous and the boat is drawn into them at full speed. At first, I supposed it would be seriously injured; but the mode adopted to prevent this is simple and effectual. A coil of rope attached to the boat is always ready. When the bow enters the lock, a man instantly jumps ashore, passes the rope three or four times round a strong post, driven for the purpose, and gently eases the boat in. The rope becomes, by the constant and excessive friction, quite limp, although strong, and does its work admirably. Those who know how much care is usually required in stopping a heavy boat with a momentum acquired by a five 191 or six miles speed through water, will imagine that it must require some skill and practice to do this well, in so small a space as an ordinary lock.

The canal sometimes enters and merges in the Onondaga river, and at others is cut parallel to it, but never leaves its banks far. For the first few miles after leaving Syracuse, the Onondaga lake is close to the canal on the left, and very large salt works are carried on, at a place called Salina. The borings from whence the salt is obtained are sunk in the marshy ground which borders the lake. The springs are excessively saline; as much as sixteen or eighteen pounds of pure salt are obtained from one hundred pounds weight of water. The manufacture is carried on in three different modes. By solar evaporation in large wooden vats, about a foot deep; by evaporation also in large iron pans; and thirdly by boiling the water in what are termed "blocks" of deep kettles, ranged in parallel rows. The last is the most expeditious mode, but the salt yielded is not so pure. In this last process,

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quicklime is used, which precipitates whatever impurities there may be in the water. An immense space is covered by the evaporating vats, and the surface of the ground for several miles is more or less encrusted with chrystallized salt. The 192 annual produce amounts to nearly 5,000,000 bushels. I state this on the authority of the most recent returns, which (as these salt works are the property of the State of New York, and not of private individuals), I presume, are correct.

The falls in the river near Oswego are very beautiful. In some directions the country is rather pretty, which, indeed, is almost universally the case, wherever there is water not in the nature of a swamp. The number of small lakes is one of the leading features of this State.

In the Genessee country, and still further to the south, they literally abound. Generally, their length is far greater than their width; the former sometimes reaching twenty-five or thirty miles; the latter rarely more than five or six. They add to the beauty, but interfere with the resources, of the country, and intercept communication, as they are seldom navigable, except for small boats. Like overgrown schoolboys, they are large enough to be troublesome and in the way, and not big enough to be useful. Lake Champlain, to the north, is, of course, an exception; and its neighbour, Lake George, is so lovely, that it would be almost a pity to furrow its tranquil bosom with mere merchantmen. Let the gliding canoe, or the gay pleasure boat, be borne on its surface; but save it, oh! ye race of traders, from the barge or the scow.

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On my return from Canada, by the way of Lake Champlain, I passed by this lake. Almost every one is familiar with the exceeding beauty of this little gem of Transatlantic scenery, and has shuddered over the pages of history which record the fearful tragedies enacted on its banks. For four years, from 1755 to 1759, the sweet repose of this lovely lake, was disturbed by the din, tumult, and complicated horrors, of a sanguinary and savage war. And again, during the protracted struggle which ended in the severance of the connection

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between this country and England, many passages of arms took place here between the belligerent forces, though none equalling in savage atrocity, those of Montcalm and his Indian allies.

Places of real historical interest are rare in this comparatively new country; and, as I gazed on the scene around me, I could not help thinking how great is the privilege enjoyed by a people, who can point out few such tranquil spots as this, rendered famous, or infamous, by the fierce passions and strife of man.

The best land, and the most improved in the State of New York for farming purposes, lies between Auburn and Buffalo. This Genesee country is celebrated throughout the Union. Land, therefore, is dear. An improved farm is nowhere to be had under forty dollars an acre, N 194 and, in many places, double this sum. The price of everything, all over the world, is regulated by the advantages to be derived from the purchase, except in those things which are mere luxuries.

Land at a dollar an acre, uncleared, will often be dearer to the purchaser, than improved land at fifty times that sum. The poor man must go farther, buy cheap, labour, and take his chance; but the farmer with good capital would do well to give this district a look before proceeding beyond it. Yet let him take care that he does not buy a "used-up" farm; for land, even in the favoured Genesee country, may be run out by twelve successive grain crops without manure. The fruit grown in this part of the State is most excellent; and the hot sun of summer gives a flavour to wall fruits unknown in England.

This is, however, a digression. We have no business now in the Genesee country, but are supposed to be at the United States Hotel at Oswego.

The town is built on the banks of the river Oswego, over which has been constructed a long, rough wooden bridge. Limestone being largely used in the buildings, gives it a less crude and staring appearance than most other towns in this part of the world. From its position, as the nearest port on Lake Ontario to New 195 York and the Eastern States,

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it should become a place of great trade. It has, nevertheless, been long stationary, if not retrograding. A few lake craft were lying in the harbour. The Erie Canal and the St. Lawrence are its rivals for the carrying trade from the Western country; but I was informed that, notwithstanding these are formidable competitors, this place should be able, not only to compete with them, but to do so successfully. Somehow or other it does not, and, therefore, I cannot help thinking it ought not; for mercantile men rarely err in these matters.

A trip of four hours in the Oneida steamer took me across Lake Ontario to Kingston. The day was hazy, and we, therefore, soon lost sight of land. The appearance of these large freshwater lakes, differs but slightly from that of the sea; and, as the motion was considerable, many persons were sick. The distance from Oswego to Kingston is between fifty and sixty miles. The entrance to the St. Lawrence river at Kingston is very beautiful; the shores are wooded to the water's edge; and, although rather low, are prettily cut up into little bays; while smooth channels of clear, pellucid water, separate from each other the charming little islands which here abound.

Kingston is built entirely of limestone: there N 2 196 is not a brick building in the place. Daly's Hotel looked dirty and mean, after the large, well-conducted establishments found everywhere in the United States. I found that this was the case all over Canada, except Montreal. They are far behind their neighbours in everything but the glass used in their establishments. In Canada it is pure and white; in the States green-coloured, and dirty-looking. Every one must admit that a good tumbler is a luxury; and most ladies prefer that their looking-glass should not cast a pea-green shade over their complexion.

While the seat of government was at Kingston (in the time of Sir C. Metcalfe), great improvements were made to meet the immediate wants of the Government officials; but it has not increased much, either in population or commerce, since that time.

The same evening I proceeded to my destination, on the bay of Quinté, by steamer. This bay begins about seven miles from Kingston, and varies in width from three and a half

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miles to a mile. A long, low island, first divides it from the main lake of Ontario. The bay thence turns in winding bends between Prince Edward's peninsula and the main land for about forty more; the shores are limestone, and well wooded, in most places to the water's edge— 197 great quantities of cedar trees and firs dipping their branches into the water. Its natural beauties are very great: it abounds in fish; some of the best shooting in Canada is within a short distance of its shores, and the land, for farming purposes, is not much inferior to that in the most favoured districts. The climate is less severe at Kingston than it is lower down the St. Lawrence, at Montreal or Quebec, but more so than at the other end of Lake Ontario and the remainder of the Province of Canada West (or, as it is usually called), Upper Canada. It is not, therefore, surprising that this district should be well settled; though it does not deserve, in my opinion, the very high character which some person writing from Picton, in Prince Edward's peninsula, has lately given it. When I read his letters in a leading morning paper in England, I could not but hope that there would be few, who would act upon them. The following extract from a settler in this district, of some years' experience, may not be thought out of place here:—

“The letters to which you allude, which were published in England, I saw copied into our local papers. I do not, at this moment, recollect their precise tenor; but, if they were founded on fact at all, they were not only a striking exception to the general rule, but also 198 highly coloured by the sanguine expectations of a recent settler, but little experienced in the country. Anything like prosperity among the farmers is very far from the cry, and equally so from the fact, I can assure you. The Canadian farmer is independent, because he has no rent to pay, and no taxes of any consequence; but he is a thoroughly hard-working man from sunrise to sunset in all weather and in all seasons. The same is the case with his wife and daughters in their own sphere. We are, in fact, peasants on one side of the picture, and, on the other, in a condition infinitely superior. The great drawback upon farming here is the high—indeed the inordinately high—rate of wages paid to all labourers or domestic servants.

“To talk of farming at a profit, or almost at all, while the prices of produce are so inconsistent with the price of labour, is a farce. I can only say that on my property I have found it for the last few years more prudent and advantageous to banish, except at long intervals and indispensable occasions, all hired labourers. W—and I do the entire work; and the degree to which labour on a farm can, under these circumstances, be restricted, and the amount which we can ourselves perform, would surprise you. I do not deny that we sometimes rebel, and that the word ‘drudgery’ comes uppermost 199 most with an ugly sound; but you must make some allowance for our antecedents. We get on pretty well; but all thought of profit from farming has been abandoned by me for many years past. I agree with you, therefore, in thinking, that it is very wrong to place before the public a statement, which experience would not confirm.”

Before I describe this part of Canada, and my mode of life during many months, I will ask the reader to accompany me to Niagara Falls and their neighbourhood.

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CHAPTER VIII.

KINGSTON TO NIAGARA.—COBURG.—PORT HOPE.—TORONTO.—APPEARANCE OF THE TOWN.—YONGE STREET.—LAKE SIMCOE.—PROSPECTS OF FARMING.—NIAGARA RIVER.—QUEENSTOWN AND LEWISTOWN.—BROCK'S MONUMENT.—RAILROAD TO THE FALLS.—CLIFTON HOTEL.—FERRY.—TERMINATION ROCK.—A FEW WORDS ON THE FALLS.—WHIRLPOOL.—HOT SPRINGS AT CHIPPEWA.—THE RAPIDS.—MANCHESTER.—BUFFALO.—LAKE ERIE.—HIGH PRESSURE STEAMER.—PORT ROWAN.—DEER SHOOTING.—PINE BARRENS.—AGUE.—MAPLE SUGAR.—RELIGIOUS RANTING.—VICTORIA.—SIMCOE.—BRANTFORD.—HAMILTON.—RETURN TO KINGSTON.

MY two companions in this excursion, were desirous of seeing some of the Western part of the Province, before they determined upon purchasing land, on the shores of the Bay

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of Quinté; although much pleased with that part of the country. We left, therefore, for Kingston, early in the morning, and wandered about that peculiarly uninteresting place, until eight in the evening, when the steamer left for Toronto. The distance is about 160 miles. The fare was five dollars, and every comfort 201 provided for the passengers. An accident to the machinery, compelled us to perform the greater part of the distance, with only one wheel; which, of course, delayed us some hours. We touched at Coburg and at Port Hope. The former is a flourishing place, with a fine hillyback country; the latter, particularly beautiful in situation, with also a good fertile district lying behind it. The banks of the Lake are not very low, neither is there any headland or range of country of any height; flatness is the great characteristic of the whole upper province. There is but one range of hills, reaching a height of 300 or 400 feet. This ridge begins in the neighbourhood of the Falls, and runs through the whole province to the eastward; being called its backbone. The appearance of Toronto from the water is by no means imposing, and, unlike Kingston, nearly every house is of red brick, and peculiarly English-looking.

A long spit, or tongue of land, juts far out into the lake, on the Kingston side, forming the harbour; vessels, therefore, coming from the eastward, must make a long detour before they can enter.

We took up our quarters at the American Hotel. The streets are regular and wide, and the shops excellent; but, even at this season of the year (June), muddy ruts, four or five inches 202 in depth, cut up the roads in every direction. Out of the main streets the houses are generally detached, and have very pretty little gardens. Many nursery and seedmen's shops show that a taste for flowers and gardening is general. Being the oldest place in Upper Canada, and long the seat of government, it has possessed many advantages; and the result is apparent, in an air of refinement, and prosperity. The Law Courts are still here; the College is well-managed, and beautifully situated. The population is about 20,000. We made an excursion up Yonge Street, for about twenty miles, on the road to Lake Simcoe; the ground undulates. This road is macadamized, with here and there a patch of "corduroy;" the most villainous style of road-making in existence; logs, split into two pieces,

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are laid across the road, and the interstices filled with mud. When quite new and sound, this mode of roadmaking is bearable, but it very soon, in all cases, gets out of order; huge gaps form between the logs, into which the wheels plunge, at almost every turn. The jolting is horrible: no other pace than a walk is at all bearable, and even that, in a Canada waggon without springs, often induces a novice to prefer walking, to the constant bumping of these miserable vehicles. Custom in this, as in other things, gradually reconciles you, and 203 practice teaches, that all parts of the waggon are not equally uneasy, "as in life, the middle place is best." The country was cheerless, the farmbuildings unfinished, and few crops growing in the fields; like an old Roud, it was withering under hard usage. We looked over several farms: some were good, others bad, but all highpriced relatively. Many large tracts were covered with pine trees, and, therefore, otherwise barren.

About ten miles from Toronto the land improves. Nearly every farmer appeared to be not only willing but desirous of parting with his land—if a purchaser could be found—denoting either that farming is unremunerative, or the farmer extravagant, and, therefore, involved. The truth is, that people come to the colony with small resources and old-country habits, and soon dissipate whatever capital they bring with them. Discontent, neglect of their business, and reckless improvidence, follow. Too much is expected from a small capital; and it is only when too late, that emigrants find out the real truth, that none but hard-working, careful people, can succeed here—unless backed by an income, drawn from other sources than their farms.

The Queen Victoria steamer carried us from Toronto to Niagara in three and a half hours. 204 This little town is at the mouth of the Niagara river. Opposite is an American fort, which seemed much neglected. The river is not broad; but, as all the water from the upper lakes is carried off by this stream, the current is strong.

The Hon. Mr. H.—has a beautifully situated seat on the Canada shore, where greendrooping branches dip into the water most charmingly. At Queenstown the bank

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risers abruptly to a considerable height, and all navigation ceases, as the stream from hence to the Falls is a continued rapid.

Queenstown and Lewistown are *vis-a-vis* the one on the Canada; the other on the American shore. A monument to General Brock still stands on a height above Queenstown—a melancholy witness of what spite and malice will strive to effect. The attempt to blow it up is attributed to the Americans; but they assert it was made by a disaffected Canadian. Be this as it may, the column is only cracked, not shattered. It has not been repaired. A very indifferent railroad, leads from the heights of Queenstown along the level ground, to the Falls. The ride is pretty. This being frontier country, it has been the scene of many battles and skirmishes, with varying success.

Our first view of the Falls was from the Clifton 205 Hotel, near the bank of the river; though a low, heavy, subdued, but all-pervading sound, had long before told us of our propinquity to them. It was evening: clouds were passing over the moon; we walked down to the ferry, opposite the American Fall: and, returning, strolled along the road at the edge of the beach, catching at each step view after view, each in succession, more entrancing than the last. At length we reached the Great British, or HorseShoe Fall, and stood within two or three yards of the mass of water curling over the ledge. When a transient gleam swept over the rapids, and glanced on the crest of the Falls, what a scene was before us! Every one must admit that language cannot be made to rise to such extreme majesty. Niagara utterly defies all description: it is without a parallel in Nature; the mind can only grasp it through the external senses; it must be seen and heard—not frittered away and toned down through the cold medium of a string of expletives and superlatives. There is, besides, something almost sacred in the thoughts and feelings to which such a scene gives rise: he who feels it most, will say the least. You cannot prattle in the face of such sublimity.

The next morning, having determined upon going behind the Fall, we, for that purpose, 206 entered the little cottage on the bank, undressed completely, and put on an oilskin

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suit, covering the head, as well as the body. Even this dress will not keep out the wet, owing to the immense force with which it falls, and is blown in clouds of spray against you.

A flight of wooden stairs lead down to the ledge of stone, level with the entrance behind the curtain of water. The footing is good for some little distance; but, at the edge of the Fall, the gusts of wind and spray are sufficiently strong to take away the breath. To face them is quite impossible: the only plan is to stoop down, and back in. The first attempt in our case was not successful. We were obliged to return; but afterwards succeeded in reaching Termination Rock, 230 feet behind the Fall. All difficulty ceases as soon as you are fairly between the rock and the falling water. You can, then, stand upright. Without the rope to hold on by, it would scarcely be possible to enter; and even with its assistance, I can assure the reader, it seems sufficiently frightful. Respiration is rather painfully affected. You are drenched to the skin, made temporarily deaf, and, on your return, are entitled, on payment of a dollar, to a diploma; with a few doggrel verses upon it, certifying that you have succeeded in reaching, Termination Rock.

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Descending again to the ferry, we embarked in the little boat, which here crosses the stream for the American shore. This passage is perfectly safe—although at all times the boat is whirled about, rather frightfully by the eddies. A few yards nearer the Great Fall, the boat would be swamped in an instant; and a little lower down, the stream contracts, rushing fearfully and upheaved, through the gorge. The comparatively smooth water found at this spot is one of the most singular phenomena about it, and is accounted for in various ways. The most generally received opinion is this—that the immense weight of water tumbling over the Fall, drives the water down into a hole formed by this constant action; the water then gradually rises at an angle from this, to the surface, and, meeting with a check from the narrowing banks of the stream, sends back a comparatively smooth body of water towards the Great Fall. Even here, a foot or two below the surface, there is a downward current of frightful velocity: it is simply at the surface that the water is smooth. You land at a ridge of rocks at the foot of the American Fall, and walk through clouds of

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spray, up a wooden staircase, to the level ground above. Two or three hundred yards from the brink stands the manufacturing village of Manchester—pretty, and, at 208 the same time, practical; for the Americans have not merely recognised the beauty and wonders of the spot, but have also considered that it would be a pity to allow so good a water privilege to be neglected. Perhaps they are right. A poet and a dreamer may long to wander around this stupendous work of nature in solitary and undisturbed musing. The sound of the wheel, jars on his excited senses; the plain, utilitarian factory, is an unsightly scar; but, were the world peopled alone with poets and dreamers, we should be, in the nineteenth century, as we were in the ninth.

To describe the form of the Falls is, at the present moment, almost needless. Let the reader, however, stand with me, on the green turf, a little below the Falls, on the American shore; on the left, the straight American Fall rushes tumultuously over the ledge, 200 yards in width, and 150 feet high; divided from this, by a few yards of rock, is the second silvery stream of water, scarcely seen or heeded by the side of its monstrous neighbours; beyond is “Goat Island,” thickly covered with timber and shrubs, intersected, in every direction, by winding paths; passing this, and stretching over in horseshoe shape, to the Canada side, is the British Fall. This Fall is 600 yards wide. At the edge of this Fall the water passes through and 209 over a rocky bed, and is deficient in volume; but towards the centre of the Shoe, it rolls its dark-green stream, slowly and massively over the ridge, in grandeur indescribable. Here, the waters meet in direful strife: the eye cannot penetrate the depth. All is chaos—dread, mysterious, awful—and yet how beautiful. The sunbeams shine over its surface; the iris plays with the glittering spray, strong in its impalpability; but, were twenty line of battle-ships, in all their solid grandeur, to roll at once over the brink, they would be crushed into dust and powder in one second, by the contending power around them.

No spectacle can be more sublime than the Great Fall, with the rapids above it. The latter, come sweeping down in a curved line of glittering foam, a mile in width. For about three

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miles above the Fall, no boat can live; nothing can cross the stream—destruction would be inevitable.

When it is considered, that the whole water of the huge American Lakes (except Ontario), and fully one-half of the whole North American Continent, pours over this spot, it needs no effort of imagination, to picture what it must be; its grandeur and sublimity are utterly beyond description; live, in the neighbourhood, for weeks and months, and day by day it grows O 210 upon you; its power and its majesty, enter slowly into the mind, but, when once grasped, can never be forgotten.

The country, immediately about the Falls, is pretty. Near them, on the Canada side, a large city, to be called the “City of the Falls,” was laid out on paper, but it never got beyond that. Cattle graze, quietly in its streets; corn waves in its squares. The village of Drummondville advanced rapidly while large bodies of troops were quartered there. Rural little cottages sprung up everywhere: now, they are fast dropping into a state of decay. The soil is light and sandy; the climate mild, for Canada. The insecurity of property, in case of war with the United States in this frontier district, is said to have prevented its progress. But the Americans, on the other side, who are equally exposed, show no such timidity: there, all is advancing rapidly. The contrast, indeed, between the sluggish inaction and langour of the Canadians, everywhere, and the stirring industry of their neighbours, often less favoured in soil and climate, is sad. To account for it is not easy: it cannot be, that taxes weigh the Canadians down; for they pay none, or next to none; neither can Government be responsible for it; for entire freedom prevails. Good roads and canals have been made, and large sums are yearly expended in 211 the colony by the large body of troops quartered there. No problem was ever more difficult of solution, to me. After a long residence, I was as far from understanding it as ever. One cause, undoubtedly, is—this a good deal of land is in the hands of people, who have insufficient capital to work it properly, by the labour of others, and are too proud to labour on it themselves; while in some places the large blocks of land, called “Clergy Reserves,” have hitherto prevented the development of the colony; still, these causes are partial, and quite insufficient to

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account for the general depression. This fine upper province exports nothing but a little lumber, and a few thousand barrels of flour, and its harbours are nearly empty; while those on the American side of the lakes, are crowded with sailing craft, and steamers.

Four miles below the Fall, is a circular basin, hollowed out by the stream, called the "Whirlpool." The walk to it along the margin of the gorge, through which the river runs, is lovely. Evergreen shrubs, cedars, and pines, overhang the banks, and open, oak-covered plains, spread around you. The glittering humming-bird, the gay butterfly, and myriads of noisy insects, make this warm, sunshiny, genial country, their home—mingling their incessant, twittering, chirruping noise with the loud rush of the heaving, O 2 212 tumbling waters below. Sit down on the edge of the pool, and watch the waters eddying round. Every floating thing which finds its way into the whirlpool remains there for many days. Human bodies have been watched turning slowly round in gradually increasing circles for many days—until at last they have disappeared. Large quantities of drift wood are always floating in it: indeed, almost everything carried down by the falls and rapids finds its way hither. The water runs out nearly at right angles to the spot at which it enters. Its depth is supposed to be great; but no lead-line would sink in it. Awe, and a sickening sense of the grave, steals upon the mind while contemplating it. How many crushed and mangled bodies—how much treasure are concealed in its dreary depth. Many a deserter, in a suicidal attempt to swim across the stream above, has been brought down here. At one time no less than seven corpses of these deluded men were seen at once, twirling round and round in this spot. About half-way between the Falls and the whirlpool, is the light suspension bridge, lately erected; and above the Falls, on the road to Chippewa, are some hot springs. The land in this district is chiefly unenclosed meadows: orchards, well stocked with fruit trees, also abound; and the useful, cheap, but ugly snake 213 fences, give place to more substantial posts and rails. The traveller will be reminded of the light soil and commons of Tonbridge Wells.

We crossed the stream again to Manchester, on our way to Buffalo. Curiosity shops, and places where "Memorandums" of the Falls are sold (as a man persisted in calling them,)

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as well as shops for the sale of aboriginal industry, in the shape of Moccasins, pouches and reticules of untanned leather, resplendent with beads, abound here. The mode of conveyance to Buffalo was by railroad, distance about twentyone miles. The line, is merely a slip of iron nailed along a stout wooden rail, and was in many places broken and uneven. It would be perfectly unable to bear the weight and friction of an English locomotive, but answers tolerably well, where neither the speed nor weight of the engines or carriages is great; at any rate it is an improvement on the heavy "stage," plunging at every yard into a mud hole. A slightly open fence alone separated it for a considerable distance from the high road: there was nothing else.

The railways in this country are often carried through the main streets of the towns and cities, regardless of passengers, or frightened horses: with no fence whatever to prevent other vehicles from crossing the line. This carelessness ²¹⁴ of human life is quite common throughout the whole country. Time, labour and cost are here more regarded than possible loss of life. The country through which we passed is flat and uninteresting. Buffalo itself, is a red staring new looking town, with an excellent commercial position at the lower end of Lake Erie. The harbour is always full of high pressure puffing steam boats. Nearly all the trade of the Upper Western district passes through this place, and is sent on by the Erie canal and the railroad to Albany or Troy, and thence to New York. It is remarkable solely for its very rapid rise into importance, twenty years having sufficed to raise an insignificant village into a town of 30,000 inhabitants. An ignorance of American manners, here led us to suppose that a person at the table was impertinent. Arriving late, we dined by ourselves at the same table, and at the same time, with those who were taking their usual six o'clock tea. Fifty people were perhaps at the table, and one of them sent his plate for some beef steak. Captain R—was indignant at this, as our dinner was undoubtedly private, but the plate was supplied, and nothing said; the second time, however, that the same person sent it, an intimation was given that ours was a private party, whereupon the American immediately apologized, and ²¹⁵ nothing more passed. At hotels, in the western country, everything served at the public table is considered to be there for all who require it.

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A steamboat took me to Port Rowan, where I intended to remain a few days. This boat being high pressure, panted and puffed through the water, making sufficient noise to prevent all sleep. One peculiarity of these boats, where the fuel for the fire is wood, is the great quantity of sparks and flakes of fire constantly thrown over the boat in all directions. The fiery shower gleaming in the air at night, and reflected by the water, is a pretty sight, but destructive to ones clothes, unless care be taken to knock off the sparks as they fall. The shore of the lake is very low, and the water throughout shallow, when compared with the great lakes above it, or Lake Ontario below. The depth of water varies, however—not only, during successive years, but at different periods of the same year. It decreases gradually during the winter and early spring months, and increases on the melting of the snow and ice during the hot summer. The decrease of the water is clearly shown by the subsidence of the ice on the lake shores. I noticed this particularly on the bay of Quinté, which is every winter frozen over completely, for several months. The fall there was at least three or four feet. This is partly the cause of the huge rents in the ice, which are so dangerous to those who drive over the frozen surface of the lake, both at night and in a snow storm. Horses are constantly engulfed in these fissures; and occasionally, though not frequently, the occupants of the sledge, share the same fate. The ice, even in the most severe Canadian winter, never extends over the whole surface of the large lakes. Eight or ten miles from the shore is usually the extreme limit; but all the lesser bays and inlets are completely frozen over, and traversed in every direction by sledges and ice-boats. The sense of insecurity, in sitting behind a pair of horses trotting at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, over an apparently insecure support, is rather painful at first, but soon vanishes. At Port Rowan a long spit of low land, full of swampy marshes, stretches far out in the Lake. Between this and the main land, there is a channel of sufficient depth to admit a vessel of light draft of water to pass, but it is daily filling up and will soon be quite impassable. Port Rowan is a wretched little collection of half ruinous log houses, woe-begone to a degree. The people at the post office, whither I went to inquire for my friend, directed me to walk about three miles into the “Concessions,” to a farm-house, where he was then residing. Here I found him, just returned, laden with wild fowl from

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the marshes, which abound in this district. Intermittent fever and “shaking” ague is here extremely general; few escape an attack in the second or third year of residence. Although not dangerous, this is a dreadful complaint; and clings to the enfeebled constitution with horrible tenacity. Year after year often passes before it is finally expelled by “Quinine.” “Down with the shakes” is the form of expression used to denote the bad days of the disease. Ague more or less prevails throughout Canada, but in many parts it is very unfrequent. Where the land lies low, and marshy spots abound, there is its home. To the hard-working farm labourer its lengthened attacks are a great trial; for it entirely prostrates all strength, both of mind and body. Miserable, indeed, is the pale, enfeebled attenuated sufferer, when the “Shakes” are upon him. Let the settler weigh well before choosing his location, whether or not, the nature of the country is such as to induce this disease. Should it be so, let him on no account be swayed by assurances from local residents, that the complaint is unknown. The reason of this is obvious, as the value of land and other property is considerably affected by the presence or absence of this disease.

The day after my arrival we went into the 218 woods to look for deer, but the mosquitoes were so incessantly troublesome, that our chance of sport was entirely destroyed. To keep quiet, even for a moment, was impossible. The fiery sun had parched the ground, and the dead twigs, leaves, and shrivelled grass, crackled under the feet. Although, therefore, we saw several deer, we were unable to approach near enough for a shot. Great numbers of deer had been killed by the excessive severity of the previous winter; for their small feet and thin legs break through the slight crisp frozen surface of the snow, and sink deep below it. Under these circumstances they soon knock up; are, without difficulty, tracked on foot, and become an easy prey to the persevering hunter, both white and aboriginal. Large “pine barrens” covered with trees, whose straight naked trunks rose to a height utterly unknown in England, abound in this district; and as these trees do not admit of any undergrowth, the eye rests on all sides, on bare straight spars with tufted crowns: casting a sombre and deep gloom below. My spirits were always much depressed by a few hours

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passed in a Canadian pine forest. There is no variety, no joyousness, in this phase of nature; all is solemn, sad-looking, and still.

In other places the timber consisted of maple, black walnut, butter-nut, and oak. Wooden troughs, placed under the pierced maple trees, show that the lucrative trade of sugar making is in proper season much attended to. The trees were not yielding sap, as the summer was too much advanced.

The first sap usually flows when the frost breaks up, and increases in strength and thickness as it flows, being for the first few days colourless, and almost without taste, and degenerating at last into a thick inferior stuff, hardly eatable. The importance of this trade to the Canadas, may be estimated from the following figures. In 1848 as much as 4,000,000 pounds of this sugar were made in Canada West; and in Lower Canada the quantity was 2,250,000 pounds. The sugar makers often live entirely during the proper season in the forests abounding with maple trees; where they erect a shanty, and carry with them a proper supply of food, and the few pots and pans necessary for their trade. The mode of tapping the trees is simple. A hole is bored through the bark of the tree; into which a spout or funnel is placed, through which the sap flows; generally very slowly, but sometimes in a stream. Six gallons of the sap are usually required to make one pound of sugar. The flavour of the sugar is coarse, but very sweet.

A good deal of ground was also planted with 220 Indian corn, which thrives well here; whereas, on the shores of Lake Ontario, it scarcely ever ripens.

The two or three succeeding days, were devoted to shooting in the marshes; but I shall describe this sport, hereafter.

On Sunday, all the neighbourhood either rode or drove to "meeting." The men were generally clothed in home-spun Canadian cloth, similar to the grey frieze of Ireland. The ladies, affected more fashion, but would have been thought sad caricatures, in the "Champs Elysées," or the "Boulevard des Italiens." The vehicles, were of various

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descriptions; but the Canadian waggon seemed to me more in keeping, with the dress and appearance of the people, than the more ambitious phaeton or gig. It does not appear to be the fashion, to clean these latter vehicles; for they are brought out, covered with the dust and mud, of repeated journeys.

All the ladies whose acquaintance I had the honour of making, were more than a little "devôte." The morning sermon was highly spiced, ultra Calvinistic; and, as it condemned to eternal misery, all, who did not agree with the preacher and his flock, it was keenly relished. A very slight knowledge of the prevailing tone of thought on religious matters in this colony, is sufficient to convince a traveller, that clergymen 221 of sound mind and liberal education, are sadly wanted, to correct the insane fanaticism and extravagance of the self-sufficient, but almost necessarily ignorant, dwellers in these backwoods. Yet, strange to say, where such men are found in this country, it is rare that they possess much influence over those who live around them. Their churches are deserted; while the chapel, or camp meeting, attract crowded audiences. Religion is the exciting amusement of these remote districts; and supplies the place of the ball, the concert, or the theatre. The Liturgy of the Church of England is too tame: its language too pure. The extemporaneous effusions of an eye-rolling, armextending ranter, gradually lashing both himself and his congregation by loud denunciations, and fearful pictures of torture and damnation, into a perfect frenzy, is the popular preacher of the backwoods.

A good deal of property in this district is in the hands of settlers from the United States; and a sturdy independence of mind, not much leavened with loyalty, prevails. I do not think they could be trusted, to fight VERY HARD for the blessing of being governed by a Queen and Legislature, 5,000 miles away. My impression of the people and the country in this part of the Province, was far from favourable.

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From Port Rowan a waggon conveyed me to Simcoe. The dust was horrible, the sun scorching; and the vehicle had no springs, either iron, or wood. Fortunately, the road

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traversed fine oak plains, and was, therefore, good. The light, sandy soil of these plains, produces good crops; and the woods were full of wild flowers—many very beautiful. The country about Victoria, six miles from Simcoe, is well settled. Simcoe itself, may be passed, without a word.

The next day, I travelled by the mail to Brantford, (twenty-five miles.) The same pair of horses did the whole journey; and my only fellow-passenger was a lady, who pestered me terribly with long tirades about temperance—varied by invitations to join her in singing praises to the Lord. At length—tired, I suppose, by my uasociability—she solaced herself with a cigar. My astonishment may be imagined.

The town of Brantford is built on rising ground, overlooking the Grand river, and the plain it waters: the river is a most beautiful one. A settlement of half-civilized Mohawk Indians, with a resident missionary clergyman, are domiciled here; but are not considered industrious, or sober. Nominally, they are Christians; though, from what I could learn, it is more profession, than faith, or knowledge of the subject.

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This district, and through Oxford to London, is, perhaps, the best agricultural part of Canada, and is peculiarly well inhabited by settlers from the old country. Where the title to land is unimpeachable, the price is high. From this place to Hamilton, is about twenty-five miles. The road is, for some miles, execrable; but the remainder is macadamized, and an unspeakable luxury. I was much charmed by a little place called Andover. From hence to Hamilton, the road descends a high ridge called “The Mountain,” through woods of thick foliage, affording pretty peeps of the level country below.

At Hamilton the heat was truly terrific; and as I have, during the last few pages, rather frequently alluded to this inconvenience, take this opportunity of stating, that I have rarely (even in a deadcalm, with an almost vertical sun, near the Equator) suffered more from this cause, than I did for a month or two in a Canadian summer. The town of Hamilton

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improved rapidly at first, and it boasts the residence of Sir Allan Mae Nab, the Canadian loyalist leader, about whom, by-the-bye, this story is told: that seeing in the visiting book at Government House, that a well known Scotch chief of the same name had inscribed himself there as “ *The Mc Nab*,” Sir Allan wrote his name underneath as “the *other Me Nab*.”

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In the evening I went to the Theatre, and, as I very reasonably anticipated, the Tragedy was so truly comical, that I enjoyed it greatly. It was as good, in its way, as an Adelphi burlesque.

My companions, who had left me at Port Rowan, to continue their journey farther west through the London district, here joined me, and we returned together to Kingston.

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CHAPTER IX.

BAY OF QUINTÉ.—LIFE IN CANADA.—SOCIETY.—SCENERY.—CLIMATE.

I do not intend here, to describe the life of a hard-working Canadian farmer; for the circumstances under which I passed nearly a year, on the shores of the Bay of Quinté, were, in many respects, peculiar; but I hope, nevertheless, that this chapter will give the reader some general idea of Canadian life. Almost the whole of this district is the property of an Irish nobleman, whose local interests are looked after, by a resident agent. But along the bay shore, there are some few farms, which are the property of different individuals; and have, from the cause alluded to above, fallen into the hands of well-bred settlers from the old country—who, emigrating at a mature period of life, brought with them a refinement of manners and tastes, which formed a striking contrast to the rough mode of life of most of their neighbours. Unfortunately, they were scarcely the class of persons to succeed well in a country like P 226 this; and, since I left Canada, I have received rather bad accounts of those amongst whom I passed so many gay and agreeable months. Our

life was a continued series of amusements. During the summer, the day was spent in fishing or shooting; and the sleighing club and billiards (we had a private table), with a rubber of whist in the evening, killed most pleasantly the dreary months of winter, when all nature is torpid; when no bird hovers in the air—no beast is seen in the fields; but all around is a dismal waste, of snow and ice. Farming, as may be imagined, sped ill under such treatment; for nothing but the most constant, undivided attention, will render the Canadian soil productive, or agricultural operations, remunerative. To me—a mere passing stranger, with no pecuniary interests involved—this sort of gaiety was, of course, agreeable and harmless; but for those who emigrated to this district, with a view to improving their pecuniary position, or at least husbanding carefully the little property still left to them, it was undoubtedly an act of folly, to endeavour to sustain, in such a country as Canada, the life of pleasure to which most of them had been accustomed at home. Still, only those who have been put to the test, know how difficult a thing it is to abandon at once deeplyrooted habits and feelings: to work instead of play.

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Our circle was almost always increased by some of the officers quartered at Kingston, and those of the Government employés, who were either young enough to enjoy, or could find time for, field sports. The lake offered fishing at all seasons. When not frozen over, inexhaustible were the stores of bass, herrings, pike, and salmon; and even when the surface of the bay was fast bound in ice, two feet thick, the eager and weather-defying sportsman might erect his little shelter of reeds, or a blanket, drill a hole through the ice, drop his line into the water, and be sure to have both his sufferings and his perseverance rewarded. Shooting lasts but four months in the year. The game consists of partridges (red-legged), woodcocks, snipe—in some places, turkeys; large flocks of golden plover (a bird by no means to be despised), and, perhaps, the best wild-fowl shooting in the world; for which latter sport, no district of North America is superior to this part of the shores of Lake Ontario. The whole of the large Peninsula, called Prince Edward's District,

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which here juts out into the lake, abounds in marshy rice beds and small lakes, plentifully supplied with wild fowl.

Bear in mind, too, ye shivering pea-coated sportsmen in England, that here this sport is at its prime during the warm, genial months of P 2 228 August and September. Then it is, that you gently glide in a boat down the creeks, permeating the marshes; or paddle your way through the waving rice beds, out of which myriads of birds rise heavily on the wing, at your approach. This sport has, in a lesser degree, the excitement of deer-stalking: it is the sportsman, and not his dog, who finds the game; and so keenly sensible of approaching danger are the birds, that a novice stands little chance of getting within shot.

Every kind of stratagem is practised, and necessary: the boat is not painted, and is usually covered with whatever vegetation is around it; which is either suffered to trail in the water, or is stuck upright in the bow, and round the gunwale; and the costume of the sportsman is also studiously disguised by the same means. All noise must be carefully avoided. The boat is always paddled—never pulled. If the shooter paddle himself, the paddle is attached, by a lanyard, to the button of his shooting-jacket, in order that it may be let go, at once, without loss. The gun lies ready cocked on a thwart, before him. A practised hand may bag thirty or forty couple of wild fowl in a day; and I have known more than this accomplished by men who pursue this sport for profit. Quite early in the morning, and a little before sunset, 229 are the most productive parts of the day. At those times the birds are continually on the wing, flying from one part of the feeding ground to another. A good shot will then cover the ground around him with slain, without once changing his position. The only drawback to this sport is the difficulty of getting a good dog. A water spaniel is invaluable; and none are to be found worth anything in Canada. The only thorough-bred dogs we had, were a couple of red Irish setters; and one of these was wild, and the other almost deaf. Many a time have I waded up to the waist through a slimy lagoon (whose horribly offensive mud bottom had not been stirred probably for centuries) in search of game: which, had I possessed a good dog, would have been unnecessary. The foul nature of these lagoons may be conceived when I state,

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that no process known to our washerwoman ever succeeded in cleaning the garments entrusted to her care. Ever after, they were unwearable. Our party usually consisted of five or six; and great was the consumption of cold punch (which we carried ready-made in Macintosh bags), and provender of all kinds. Whiskey is the universal beverage, and may be bought for eighteenpence or two shillings the gallon; and, at this price, it is really very good: not so fiery as Irish or Scotch whiskey, but very 230 palatable stuff. Wine is so dear and bad, that very little is drank of it anywhere. The consumption of whiskey during the six months of winter, in the house of a bachelor friend of mine (three men living together), was more than 120 gallons; and this without anything approaching insobriety. The climate in the winter is so cold, that amazing quantities of spirits are drank with impunity; but, at the same time, it must be confessed that a tendency to habits of intemperance is a prevalent vice throughout the province of Canada. Rapid is the descent of the disappointed gentleman emigrant—particularly if unmarried. Whiskey drowns care for the time; but temporary happiness is purchased, at the price of ruined health, and early death.

The next best sport is woodcock shooting, which in some places is exceedingly good; and snipe abound in all parts; the latter birds are scarcely wild enough; instead of the long circular flight of the English bird, they drop almost immediately; and consequently the sport is tame. I do not wish to write a dissertation upon shooting in Canada; but as my pen slips over the paper, recollection upon recollection of happy days, and glorious sport, crowd fast upon the mind, and I really find it difficult to confine myself to a mere general statement of 231 its advantages. Of this I am sure, that no one who follows my advice, and takes a run across the Atlantic for a couple of months of summer, for the purpose of shooting over this part, and many others, of Canada, will regret it. During the winter the only sport is deer hunting, with an occasional “chasse” after a black bear. The first of these sports is very fatiguing, and needs a strong, almost Herculean constitution, and the latter has a little too much danger in it, to please most people.

While I am upon this subject, I must devote a few lines to the capital fishing along the lake shores. Our mode was this; we usually left in a boat about nine in the morning, with all the accompaniments for "trolling." Two, pulled the boat gently along, while the rest of the party handled the rods. Our bait was a piece of tin or brass (called a "brazen serpent") about three inches long, shaped like a little fish, with a slight curve, and each fin of the tail bent different ways; this bait, of course, worked on a double swivel and twisted round a few inches under the water, with the "way" of the boat; sometimes a piece of red rag answers the same purpose. Usually we had out about thirty yards of line, or perhaps forty. "Bass," a fine heavy fish, ranging from two to six pounds weight, and greedy, gluttonous pike, from five to twenty, were the chief sport. The fly fisher will probably say, how could any one find amusement in anything so tame; let him try it, and I shall be much mistaken if the sneer do not change to a smile of pleasure, as the boat slowly makes its way over the limpid waters, under the shade of sweet-smelling cedars, dipping their pendant boughs in the lake; when the brilliant sun is reflected from the waters, and the air is balmy and soft; when each little bay yields up its treasures to the rod, and each headland offers to the eye, an ever-changing and lovely scene. Let me assure him also, that some skill is required to land safely in the boat, by means of a "gaff," a fish like a pike of twenty pounds weight, which reserves its strength for a final struggle, and plunge, as the line is reeled up, and the fish is near the boat. The "bass," too, although by nature a sluggish fish, at times shows good play. Salmon fishing takes place during the cold months of the year, and is chiefly followed by those who seek a livelihood from it. The fish is salted, packed in barrels, and sold at about nine dollars the barrel.

At times, in the dusk of evening, a bright light, moving slowly over the water close to the banks, with a dark-looking object, spear in hand, behind it, marks the course of one who is seeking spear the unsuspecting salmon, as its dark body is revealed, by the light, thrown over the water from the blazing tripod stuck in the bow of the boat. This is a pretty sight from afar. Few beginners ever strike the fish; the eye is deceived, and the water turns the spear,—practice is necessary. Occasionally, we made amazing hauls with a

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“sein” net; throwing away bushel after bushel of fish, as a useless encumbrance; and on one occasion caught a huge fish (very scarce in those lakes) called a “Muskelongi;” its weight was a little under forty-six pounds. The fish was sent as a present to the Governor-General. The quantity of fish to be at any time obtained (except during the depth of the winter) makes no contemptible addition to the rather restricted commissariat of a Canadian farm house. During the winter, no fresh meat is to be had. In the early spring “staggering bob,” or the vapid flesh of a calf, two or three days, (or as it always seemed to me two or three hours) old, is the first fresh meat tasted for months. Salted and spiced beef, forms the staple winter food, and certainly a well spiced round, is provender not to be despised. Vegetables are unprocurable during the winter season, except potatoes; and even this hardy vegetable requires great care: but during the summer, cabbages, lettuces, onions, radishes, mustard and cress, will thrive well, if much ²³⁴ attention be paid to them: otherwise, they will not. Gardening of any kind is a rather hazardous experiment, owing to unseasonable, and very severe night frosts, and great drought. Melons thrive, as the heat of the sun is great; and flowers blow, with exceeding brilliancy of colour, from the same cause.

The year can scarcely be said to be divided into four seasons in Canada. Winter melts at once into summer, which, in its turn, as rapidly gives place to ice and snow. The climate of this part of Canada has one merit: it is regular and positive in character; not as in England—a series of alternations. The heat of summer is great; indeed, almost tropical; and for three months, or rather more, continuous. The cold of winter is that of Siberia, and as constant as the brilliant sun of summer. There are people who like a Canada climate. I am not one of these. Eighty degrees difference between the temperature in the house, and that of the open air, is far too trying, both to the temper and constitution. The air may be pure, and the sun may shine, for a few hours every day; but it would take more than this to delude me into a belief, that such a climate is agreeable. Yet I scarcely expect to be believed when I state, that our Irish maids used to go out bare-headed and bare-footed, into the ice and snow, to bring ²³⁵ in firewood for the stoves, when the thermometer was

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at seventy, within doors, and fifteen or sixteen below zero, without: so little is the cold felt by some persons. I have seen the ice over the bay of Quinté unbroken, on the 18th of April, much snow on the ground at the same time, and the frost still in the earth. In most countries the quantity of snow on the ground during the winter is considered a guage of summer fertility; and, in the North of England, there is a proverb to this effect (it is there called the earth's blanket). Here, it cherishes an enemy, which, although a small one, does infinite mischief. Immense numbers of field mice (white) burrow under the warm snow, breed in it; and, when the snow thaws, you are horror-struck at finding, that they have barked the young trees by hundreds. Should you have an orchard, it will be half destroyed; and your flower garden will present sad evidence of these little creatures, in the shape of nests in the roots of the plants, which they have also fed on during the whole winter. Every climate has its drawbacks, no doubt: some are too hot, some too cold; none are perfect throughout the year. That of England, much abused as it is, is the best, as far as my experience goes, in the world, for a tolerably healthy person. That of Canada, although very severe in the winter, and hot in 236 the summer, with abrupt transitions between the seasons, is, in most parts of the country, healthy, and conducive to longevity. The summer is generally delightful, and, therefore, it would be out of all rule, were it to last long. But those who have not been long resident suffer much from mosquitoes; which are as venomous, and as perseveringly harassing, as in tropical climates. Some constitutions are affected, to a grievous extent, by their attacks. As an instance, I will mention, that I slept in a tent, for one night only, with a friend, who joined me in a wild-fowl shooting excursion. The tent was pitched on a sandy beach, within a yard or two of the lake, and separated from an extensive tract of marshy ground, by a slight belt of trees. In such a situation, it was hopeless to escape these tormentors: but we did what we could. Tobacco smoke was useless, and the smoke from a wood fire only served to irritate the eyes. We, therefore, covered our faces with handkerchiefs, and slept in gloves. Yet, even then, after taking these precautions, these venomous little wretches bit my companion so severely, that, on his return home, he was confined to his bed for three weeks. Need I say, he was a very fat man. For five months the earth is every year covered with snow; and, during this

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period, it is necessary to keep all stock within 237 well-protected stock-yards, and to stall-feed them. This is a great drawback upon Canadian farming; and in many cases, where the winter is unusually prolonged, the cattle die in numbers, and those which live through it, become mere spectres: the skin collapses on the gaunt sides and huge prominent bones; while, as they grow thinner and thinner every day, you at last expect to be able to see through these miserable anatomical specimens of three-quarter starved life. Feeding this stock, attending to the horses, chopping wood, and drawing it in sleighs from the back part of the farm, are the chief labours of the winter. There is no other out-door work to do: consequently, when contrasted with the busy, hot, short summer, it is comparatively idle time. Much visiting takes place: sleighs, with their fur-enveloped occupants, glide musically over the snow; the whiskey goes round as well as the waltz; match-making mammas afford plenty of opportunities for their daughters; etiquette goes out, when the frost comes in. Almost every district has its sleighing club; of course, so gay a party as we were, could not be without ours. Twice a week we met at each others houses in succession. At half-past one or two o'clock, a hot luncheon, with whiskey punch, put all, not excepting our fair companions (who, to do them 238 justice, rarely complained of the strength of the beverage), into capital humour for the drive. The party, being arranged and well tucked up in a mass of buffalo robes, and other more costly furs, started, one after another, at slight intervals, intent upon enjoyment. The bells on the horses ring cheerily; the pace, perhaps, twelve miles an hour; the motion, smooth and agreeable, and the country over which you glide offering much to interest in the long, straight lines of trees, beautifully covered with glittering snow, and pendant icicles. After the drive, as evening closed in, a dance or two ended the amusement for that day, and, at a very early hour, all were snugly housed by their own firesides. One great charm of these sleighing parties is this: young ladies willingly trust themselves, and the mammas as willingly confide their daughters (unaccompanied by any one to play propriety), to the charioteering skill of the young bachelor candidates for this honour! The records of every regiment will tell the havoc made on these occasions. No "sub" is safe, and there is scarcely a captain, who is not

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caught; while sour “senior majors” are heard to complain, that the “mess” is sadly broken up, and that men become “dead” to the service, in Canadian winter quarters.

Society costs but little in Canada, for the 239 necessities of life are cheap, and luxuries are neither looked for, nor to be had. Friends are contented with a kind welcome, and feel all the more at their ease, when conscious that the host (rarely a rich man) will suffer little at their hands. I know few countries where greater hospitality prevails, or where people feel less degraded by being often obliged to perform menial offices for themselves. A lady in Canada, in the strict sense of the term, is none the less so, because she has spent her morning in salting beef, making tallow candles, and other kindred household duties. At home, she would infallibly lose “caste”—that dire bugbear. Here she does not. Servants are a great plague—expensive, whimsical, and idle. On one occasion a servant, who came to be hired by a lady friend of mine, entered the room, and immediately seated herself on the sofa by the lady of the house; scrutinized her thoroughly; asked the nature of the duties she was expected to perform, and her *salary*; and then said abruptly—“Well, I likes the looks of you, and I guess I’ll come.” This was all that passed. How long she stayed I should be sorry to say: probably three days. I recollect reading somewhere, in a book on life and manners in the Western States, that a servant, believing that her mistress had called to her, but, not being quite sure of the fact, ascertained it by the following question—“I say, mam, did you holler? I thought I heard a yell.” Most of the women servants are Irish; and the men, who hire themselves as farm servants, always expect to be boarded in the house: which is really an almost intolerable nuisance; and if the lady should, unfortunately, from any cause, be without servants, these people will be offended if their dinner is not cooked, and their rooms attended to, by her. Indeed, I am not sure that the continual series of petty annoyances a lady has to endure in this country are not more hard to bear, than the more laborious duties of her husband. Unfortunately, too, no gentleman farmer can make anything by his farm. All he can hope to do, is to save the little money derived from other sources; make his farm supply his table; pay the wages of his servants, and save his house-rent. An emigrant accustomed to daily labour may do

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more than this; but a gentleman cannot. His case is poor, indeed, unless backed by an income, independent of his farm and its produce. Without this he can have none of the little luxuries and pleasures of life; and it is surprising how small a sum will be sufficient for this purpose. A man with a family of four or five children is quite at his ease with a farm of 150 acres and 500 dollars a year, or £100. 241 This is not a brilliant account: but the truth. To become rich, or even to make money slowly, is impossible. A dollar, is nearly equal to a pound; but then the dollar is more difficult to obtain, than the pound elsewhere. Specie of all kinds is scarce in the country districts, and a system of barter supplies its place with the storekeepers; who give you, at an exorbitant profit to themselves, tea, sugar, and other necessities, in return for wheat, wool, or any other produce of your farm you may have to sell. Go into a store in Canada, with ready money in your hand, and you can make almost any bargain you like. Barter, or exchange commodities, and you are sure to be imposed upon—more or less.

Before I leave the bay of Quinté, I must add a few words about the farm-houses, and the general scenery, of the colony of Upper Canada. A good farm-house is rare. They are generally constructed of wood, either in the shape of the primitive log-hut, or the more ambitious frame-house; which, although more finished looking and expensive, is, by no means, so warm or comfortable, in many respects, as the simple log-hut. Stone houses are occasionally put up on farms; but I have never seen one of brick. In most cases, the barn, is a much larger building, than the house. Everything connected Q 242 with the house, buildings, and farming, in the country districts of Canada, is dirty, slovenly, and patchy. Neither time nor money is ever spent on mere decorations. A dollar must produce a dollar, or it is never parted with. You may travel for miles, without seeing a flower garden: and even kitchen gardens are comparatively rare. I am not now, of course, speaking of the wealthy gentleman farmer or his property; but of the working farmer, who has nothing to depend on but his land and his labour. It always struck me, that few, if any, Canadian agriculturists, have any attachment to the soil they cultivate. In other countries, men like a thing, because it is their own, and for the improvements they have made upon it. Here, it is

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not so: every man will sell, if he can. Indeed, he has, in most cases, improved his property, for that purpose alone.

Canadian scenery is, on the whole, unattractive. There are some pretty districts near the lakes, and on the banks of the St. Lawrence; but, generally speaking, the interior is formal and ugly. The mode of laying out farms has much contributed to this. The land has been cut up into parallelograms of the same length, but varying in width, according to the size of the farm, whether 100, 150, 200 acres, or more. This mode has been adopted, in order that each 243 farm, may have some frontage to a good road. The distance between the roads, is the length of two farms Anybody, therefore, may conceive, how this way of laying out a country, must destroy all hope of beauty.

Wherever Nature has compelled a departure from this utilitarian fashion, of dividing her features into sections or blocks, there, you may look for beauty. This is the case around the bay of Quinté, and in some other parts of the country. The distance between the roads, is generally three miles: therefore, each farm is a mile and a half long, and, consequently, very narrow in proportion to its length: which, for many purposes of farming, is highly inconvenient. At the back of each lot, a space is left uncleared, to supply firewood for the house, which is almost always built, close to the road. The trees generally stand too close together, to admit of branches growing near the ground. When therefore, the timber is cut down, nothing can be more hideous than the appearance of the clearing—a belt of straight, branchless trees (except a tuft or two at the top), bounding it on all sides; and, from the same cause, it is rare that any attempt at leaving small clumps of trees for the sake of beauty, or variety, is made. The axe is wielded by reckless, and rather barbarian, hands: it clears by the acre, and is seldom arrested Q 2 244 in its stroke. The stumps, too, remain, for many years, in the ground. A pine stump will take forty or fifty years, to decay. A Canadian farm, therefore, is not generally a very attractive spot, to an eye, fresh from the green fields and glades of the Old World. Time will probably modify, in a great measure, the crude harshness of external nature; while increase of population, and the development of the resources of the province, by the railways now being made, will

operate quite as beneficially in softening the character, and polishing the manners, of the rather primitive inhabitants of Canada West.

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CHAPTER X.

FROM KINGSTON TO MONTREAL.—LAKE OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.—
SCENERY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.—RAPIDS.—MONTREAL.—SOCIETY AND
MANNERS IN THAT CITY.—POLITICS—CLIMATE.—LA PRAIRIE TO ST. JOHN'S.
—LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—SARATOGA SPRINGS.—HOTELS IN THE STATES.—
CONCENTRATION OF TRAVEL.—NEW YORK.—ITS PROSPERITY, AND THAT OF
THE UNION.

I left Kingston, for Montreal, by a small steamer. For the first fifty or sixty miles, the river slowly glides between hundreds of islands, varying in size from a few miles, to the mere rock of a few feet in diameter: all, are beautifully wooded with cedar or pine; and the stream, flows tranquilly past them, without noise, or even a ripple. No one can fail to be much struck, with the beauty and singularity, of this part of the scenery of the St. Lawrence. An unpoetical traveller may not possibly be quite prepared to agree with "Moore," that here

—"The first sinful pair For consolation might have, weeping, trod, When banished from the garden of their God."

But insensibility to the many charms, of this 246 maze of water and land, is impossible. The stream, opposite Prescott or Ogdensburgh, contracts considerably, and flows more rapidly, between higher banks, until it opens out again, into one of those large expansions of water, for which this, and other, of the gigantic streams of North America, are so remarkable. Between Lake St. Francis, and the junction of the Ottawa River with the St. Lawrence, there are several considerable rapids; but, though the boat descends them with amazing speed, they offer no danger whatever, to a steamer. The only rapid, between

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Kingston and Montreal, which is really dangerous, is the “La Chine.” A few miles above this rapid, we stopped to take on board an Indian, from a native village, on the right bank of the stream. He was our pilot; and I never shall forget the expression of the man's eyes, as he grasped the helm of the steamer, while she was shooting through the twisting, zig-zag channels, between the rocks; nor the dignity, with which (having proved himself equal to the task assigned him) he abruptly resigned the tiller, and appeared to scorn any further connection with the vessel, or her management.

I may as well observe, that no vessels ever venture to descend these rapids except passengers' steamers. Those which are merely engaged in trade, avail themselves of the numerous canals which have been constructed; in order that the rapids may be avoided. To ascend the rapids, is impossible. All vessels must, then, make use of the canals.

After passing “La Chine,” the river bends abruptly to the left; and the city of Montreal, with its fine quays—large, square-rigged, sea-going ships, and the rising ground of Mont Royal, behind the white houses, and glittering zinc roofs and spires—strikes the eye of one, who, for twelve months, has seen nothing but the comparative stagnation and poverty of Upper Canada, as something peculiarly magnificent. It transports him to the Old World. There is a solidity and sober gravity about Montreal, which form a striking contrast to the fragile, but showy, appearance of the villages, towns, and cities further West.

The city lines the curved bank of the river, for about two miles, and possesses a population of sixty or sixty-five thousand people. By far the majority, are Roman Catholics: and the Cathedral, is decidedly the largest and most ecclesiastical looking building in Canada; or, indeed, in any part of North America. Its architecture is Gothic, and it possesses six very lofty towers: one of which I should advise a traveller to ascend, as the view is both extensive, and beautiful.

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Paul-street is the chief commercial thoroughfare, and Nôtre Dame-street the most fashionable. Montreal is at the head of the navigation of the St. Lawrence for sea-going ships; and the harbour remains free from ice, from the end of May until November.

The society is most excellent, and the hospitality and kindness of the resident French Canadians unbounded. All who have visited the city, will bear willing testimony to this, and to the mild, lady-like, winning manners of its fair inhabitants. The change, from the abrupt rusticity, of the greater part of the Upper Province, strikes a traveller forcibly. He passes, at a bound, as it were, into an entirely new social atmosphere, which recalls to his mind the never to-be-forgotten charms of a French drawing-room. The French Canadian, has retained the suavity, and, in a great measure, the ideas, both social and political, of the ancestors from whom he sprung; and who quitted their native land, about the time of Louis Quatorze.

Republicanism has made but little way among this people; and they remain as attached as ever to their religion, and the old feudal system imported from France. The French Canadian differs, in short, widely, from the Gaul of the present day, in the land of his fathers.

Unfortunately, since the junction of the two 249 provinces into one colony, and the removal of the seat of Government to Montreal, two antagonistic races, with really nothing in common, have been brought into close and immediate contact; and the result has been, that almost all questions—social, political, and religious—have been discussed in a very rancorous spirit. Debates of a rather warm nature, in the Legislative Council, and House of Representatives, have acquired additional virulence when transplanted to the meetings of the lower order of *habitans*: who are certainly ignorant, and bigoted, and, consequently, easily led astray, by their Priests, or any political adventurer, who thinks it worth while, to play upon their simplicity. Most people know the result: good government has become almost impossible; riot has succeeded riot; and blood has flowed freely (even within the last few months) in the streets of a city, once, one of the gayest, and most peaceable, in

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the world. I have always been of opinion, that the Provinces should have been allowed to remain, politically, disconnected; and recent events have fully confirmed me in that opinion—though reams of Despatches and Reports have been circulated to the contrary. You cannot make the ultra French Lower Canadian, fraternize with the ultra Saxon inhabitant of the Upper Province; and I cannot help 250 thinking that it was a sad mistake to endeavour to do so: though, doubtless, it was anticipated, that success would follow the attempt, and a gradual amalgamation between the races, be the result.

In every colony visited by me—and they are not a few—I have always thought that the position of the Governor, was peculiarly trying. It is almost impossible for him either to give satisfaction, or even, to govern well. In almost every case, he must be entirely unacquainted either with the people, or their wants, over whom he is appointed to rule. Books will teach him nothing, but abstract principles. Political Economy, as a science, may be learned from them; but experience alone, can make him a successful ruler. This inexperience, on his part, it is sought to correct, by a functionary, who is supposed to be the “nurse,” of each succeeding Governor. This person, however, has, in most cases, been long enough confined to a comparatively small sphere, to have become more or less involved in the personal quarrels which generally rage fiercely around him. From the first, therefore, the unfortunate Governor's mind is jaundiced.

Everything is presented to him through a more or less distorted medium. Had he visited the seat of his Government, as a private and 251 unknown person, he might have formed a cool, dispassionate opinion, for himself; but hemmed in by the circumstances of his position, this is impossible. What, therefore, can he do? If he delay, or hesitate for any time, his term of office expires; while, if he makes up his mind to act, he must do so, either at hap-hazard, or throw himself upon some person, on whom he imagines he can best rely: and at once brings down on his devoted head the hatred and malice of all the personal enemies of the individual selected. Be chary, therefore, of censure on the conduct of an individual so placed; and, at least, as the criminal lawyers say, “give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt.” It is notorious, that the state of political feeling has been,

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for many years past, so bad in Canada, that I have been unable to refrain from these remarks.

The Roman Catholic Priests possess great power in Lower Canada. Indeed, wherever the standard of education is low, among a people, the clergy are invariably powerful, in proportion to the ignorance around them. When people think for themselves, they are very apt to throw themselves more upon their God, and less upon the ministers, of his Church.

The old law of tithe (though not our English tithe, but the comparatively merciful twenty 252 sixth part of the produce of the old French law), still subsists here; though, so far modified, that it is only from the members of his own flock, that the Priest can claim it. A Protestant farmer, is exempt. The poor *habitan*, also, has another master, and tax-gatherer, in the person of the "seigneur," who still exercises, under the cold sky of Canada, the same privileges and right over his vassal, as did his father in Lauguedoc, or Provence. These facts are pretty generally known in this travelling and reading age; but their results, nevertheless, strike forcibly when on the spot: for all that one hears and sees, at Montreal, is in marked contrast to the language, habits, manners, religion, and laws, of the States and people, who form their immediate neighbours.

The climate is very severe, and subject to rapid alternations. The cold of winter, is intense, and the heat of the short summer, equally extreme. The surrounding country looks bleak and cold, and the large vegetation, speaks of a bitter northern clime. I believe, however, that the land produces good crops of wheat.

The great change which takes place in climate, in a comparatively small distance, either north or south, east or west, is one of the peculiarities of North America. I observed it, between 253 Montreal and the southern extremity of Lake Champlain; and, also, between the eastern and western ends of Lake Ontario. It is, I believe, admitted, that a degree of westing, is, in the north part of this Continent, equivalent to a degree of southing, in its effect on climate: besides which, the greater or less exposure of different districts to

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the cold winds, which sweep down from the gulf of St. Lawrence, produces an important modification in temperature. For instance, there is little more than a degree of latitude, between Boston and New York: yet, because the harbour of the former city is exposed to these winds, and that of New York is sheltered from them, the harbour of Boston is closed by ice, for a considerable period, during the winter; whereas, that of New York, is open all the year round, from the sea; though both the North and the East Rivers are occasionally rendered unnavigable, from masses of floating ice. There is, in fact, nothing more difficult, than to form an accurate idea of climate from the mere latitude of the place, or district under investigation. The temperature, and the nature of the air, will be modified by so many extraneous causes, that an approximation is all that can be hoped for: and in America, even this, is impossible. Nothing but a practical knowledge of the country will 254 enable any one to form a correct opinion upon the subject.

I crossed the St. Lawrence, for about seven miles, to La Prairie; and from thence took the railroad to St. John's. The country between the St. Lawrence, and the head of Lake Champlain, is level and uninteresting; and I embarked for Whitehall, in one of the cleanest, and best managed steamers possible. The boat, was the property of the gentleman who commanded her, and whose courteous and kind manner, has made him deservedly popular with all who have travelled by his vessel. His excessive attention to the cleanliness of his steamer, and the comfort of his passengers, may be illustrated by this. No cigar end, or trace of tobacco in any shape, was ever allowed, by him, to tarnish, for a moment, the purity of his deck. As soon as it appeared, the avenging swab, was certain to remove it. In a country like America, where everybody either smokes, or uses tobacco, in a more unpleasant manner, I confess I was both surprised and gratified, to see so unusual an exemplification of regard, for the feeling of those, who look upon both practices, with anything but favour. The passengers were numerous; and among them was a person, who gained a living by travelling continually in the steamers and railroads of his country, with a box of boots, 255 shaving soap, books, or, perhaps, an infallible cake, for removing, at once, all stains of grease, from cloth; or something else, which was in pretty general

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demand; and neither cumbrous nor costly. This system of peddling is, indeed, very common in the United States; and as but little expense is incurred (for the fares, by public conveyances, are cheap), it is found highly remunerative. It so happened, that the conversation on board, had been rather more general and discursive than usual; and, in the course of it, some remarks were illustrated by me, by references to places, and countries, lying rather remote from one another. I observed this man, looking for some time, rather intently; and evidently taking an unusual interest in what was going on. At length, he made up his mind to solve the enigma, which was, at the moment, occupying his mind. This he did, by rather abruptly asking me—"Pray, sir, do you peddle?" Had I answered, "yes," he would then have been satisfied; for few Americans, of the lower class, have any idea that a man may be induced, for any cause (except for the purposes of trade), to spend, both time and money, in wandering about the world.

We touched at several places—Plattsburg, Burlington, Ticonderoga, and Crown Point. The upper part of the lake contains some large 256 islands, and was formerly the scene of several naval combats, between the small vessels of war, which then floated on its waters. Now, I believe, there is not even a gun-boat maintained on it, either by the Americans or the English. *Tant mieux*. At Crown Point, the lake narrows to the width of a mere stream; and, at Whitehall, the width is so slight, that there is not room for the steamer to turn. A warp is thrown out, and the vessel made fast.

I have before alluded to the charming scenery of Lake George and its surrounding hills: therefore, it is not necessary to say more on that subject—though pages of praise would not be misapplied.

The water communication between Whitehall, and the navigable part of the Hudson River, is kept up by a good canal, which passes through a beautiful, though rather bleak, country. Havin entered the Hudson River, we descended its waters, as far as Troy: whence, I rather suddenly determined upon retracing my steps, by way of Schenéctady, to Saratoga, for the purpose of passing a short time at those much-frequented Springs: having a not

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unnatural wish to see how so business-occupied a people, as the Americans, could possibly pass their time agreeably in a sort of Neapolitan *dolce for niente* .

It was rather early in the season: yet the 257 Hotels were completely full; and I was compelled to procure a bed, in a private house. The Hotels are on the gigantic scale, so customary in the States, and are very numerous. There must, therefore, have been an immense concourse of visitors to fill them so completely,—probably two or three thousand—or possibly more. The greater part of these, were from the Southern States—attracted hither, by the medicinal virtues of the Springs, and also to escape the scorching summer heats of their own home. If I may judge, however, from the excessive heat which prevailed, during the time I was at Saratoga, they would, this year, not benefit much, from the change of climate, for it was most oppressive. The sandy plain of Wiesbaden is not, in the month of July or August, very cool; but the heat there, is nothing, to that which I experienced, at Saratoga.

Most of the large hotels, have well laid-out gardens attached to them; and the panting visitors to this torrid place, may also enjoy, the inviting shade of rows of well-grown trees, with which the main street of the town is adorned. In the evenings, I was much struck by the freedom with which ladies, without bonnets or shawls—in fact, quite in ball-room costume—strolled, up and down, these shady walks. There appeared to be no restraint—greater freedom, R 258 indeed, than I have seen at any Continental Baths, or watering place. Balls, and evening parties, take place almost nightly at the hotels, and the day is, as usual at such places, spent in visiting the many interesting and beautiful spots, which are within a moderate distance of the Springs. There is also a very fair readingroom and library. The *table d'hote* , at the Congress Hall, was admirably managed, and several hundred persons sat down daily to discuss its merits. It is of course, impossible that so many people could be congregated, without some few being eccentric and odd; but, in general, there was little to challenge criticism: except a rather lounging, sluggish, effete manner, induced by the southern habits of most of the visitors to these Springs; and an occasional attempt at dandyism, with its usual concomitant, insipidity of manner, on the

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part of some young man, away from his "store." Considering that, in this miscellaneous concourse, there must have been many who, in other countries, would have possessed few social advantages, and could ill spare, both the time and money necessary, for a visit of any length to such a place as Saratoga, I must say, that it is to the credit of the nation, that so little was apparent, which could, in any way, offend. I can say, with truth, that I have been much more 259 annoyed by my own countrymen at the baths in Belgium and Germany, during the months of August and September, than I was at Saratoga.

The mineral waters arise from various springs; but the "Congress" spring is the most in request. I thought it refreshing, though nasty. I cannot give an analysis of it; but there is soda, lime, magnesia, carbonate of iron, and carbonic acid gas, in its composition. It has a tonic effect; and large quantities of it, are sent to many parts of the Union. The bathing houses are also numerous.

The excessive heat prostrated me so much, that, in a couple of weeks, I found it necessary to seek a more moderate climate; and for that purpose, as I have before stated, descended the Hudson river, for the purpose of passing a short time at the "Mountain House," on the Kaatskill range of hills: from whence, I proceeded to New York, and took up my quarters for some weeks at the American Hotel, in Broadway. This hotel, though comparatively small, is as comfortable and well-managed an establishment as any in this city, where gigantic hotels flourish most abundantly. The far-famed "Astor House," which, a few years ago, was the largest hotel in the world, except the St. Charles, at New Orleans, is now quite a dwarf by the side of two or three, of its monstrous R 2 260 rivals. The immense size of the hotels in the cities, and the large towns of North America, is the natural consequence of the state of society, and the great difficulty experienced in travelling, except in certain given directions; for, though the area of the United States is enormous, Nature and man have combined, to throw into a few leading channels, the chief traffic of the country. The enormous rivers and lakes of the interior, have been connected by a few railroads and canals, with the populous and highly commercial cities, which line the sea-coast. Along these, crowds of people are ever on the move; but in the

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intervening districts—often as large as the whole of Great Britain—travelling is so tedious and harassing, that it is cheaper, more expeditious, and far preferable, in every respect, to make use of a good circuitous route, though it may add, a hundred, or even a thousand miles, to the journey, than to labour painfully along the cross roads, in a direct line, to the destination sought.

This, therefore, concentrates, as it were, the stream of travel, which flows, in a “Mississippi” or “Missouri” flood, through a few districts, and not in little streamlets, throughout this vast continent. To accommodate this moving mass of beings, large hotels, like soldiers' barracks, necessarily spring up. This concentration 261 too, affords an opportunity for thousands of men to travel continually, for the purposes of trade; (not as with us, as agents for others, and in a given district), but on their own account. They are, as far as my observation goes, a class of traders almost peculiar to the United States. Experience, teaches them the price of everything all over the Union; and so that they can make a profit by the transaction, it is perfectly immaterial to them what the article purchased may be, or in what direction they must take it, to sell. These persons swarm at the hotels, and pick up most of their bargains, in the “bar” and smoking rooms, of those establishments, which they favour with their residence. They have no settled, fixed abode; no house of business, or “store” but carry with them either credit or capital, and do business as they go—reversing, in one sense, most completely, the Old World proverb, “Of rolling stones not gathering moss.” Their portmanteaus, or “valises,” studded with as many projecting brass or iron knobs, as the door of a jail, in other countries, are scarcely ever out of sight in the leading thoroughfares.

In the hot summer months, the citizens of New York have many resorts in the vicinity of the city, to which pleasant excursions can be made; but it has always appeared to me that descriptions 262 of such places, on paper, are uninteresting to the general reader, and convey but little positive information. The most frequented, are the Elysian fields, at Hoboken; Rockaway beach, which is the fashionable watering place; Staten Island, and the vicinity of “The Narrows,” on the opposite shore, at Fort Hamilton, Besides these,

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Astoria, Flatbush, Flushing, Coney Island, and a host of other places, will call up in the mind of one, familiar with the locality, many agreeable associations. In New York, there are so many persons who have been accustomed to the gaiety and lightheartedness of a Continental life, that this city is, undoubtedly, the most agreeable in America, with the exception, perhaps, of St. Louis or New Orleans, during the proper season. At Boston, one acquires a decided dislike to Puritanism, and learns to consider a "blue" lady, a bore; at Philadelphia, the primness and propriety of the Quakers, and the rectangular construction of their city, are almost painful. Baltimore is a little more South, and, therefore, less straightlaced; and Washington is, of course, interesting to a traveller, from its being the seat of Government: though, in itself, a melancholy skeleton. All these cities, except Washington, (which is, as it were, common property), have a decided rivalry; and this is carried so far, that a Bostonian 263 requires some pressing, to induce him to drink Champagne, simply because it is in universal demand, as a beverage, in New York. These little rivalries are, however, harmless; because the moment any really national interest is attacked, the Americans, of every State, rally at once round the Flag of their common country. The inhabitant of one State, will abuse the citizen of another; but let a stranger interfere in their quarrel, and he is certain to share the proverbial fate of a meddler in any dispute between two parties so closely connected, as husband and wife. Those who are only superficially acquainted with the state of feeling in the United States, do not sufficiently estimate this national instinct, when a dissolution of the Union, from any cause, is so confidently predicted by them.

I visited, during my stay in New York, on this occasion, the navy yard at Wallabout Bay, between Brooklyn and Williamsburg. It is extensive, but there were no signs of activity. All seemed to stagnate. This is the case with most of the Government Departments in this country, which strike the eye of an European as very meagre. With us, in England, the dockyards are national concerns: whereas, in America, almost all the States, bordering the Atlantic, have each their navy yard; and the consequence 264 is, that nowhere, either at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, or Norfolk, in Virginia, will you find an

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establishment at all commensurate with an Englishman's idea, of what a national dockyard ought to be. The traveller will find no Portsmouth or Devonport on this side of the Atlantic. I have no doubt, however, that, if necessity required it, a very formidable fleet, might soon be acquired by this energetic people; for, unlike the army, the navy, is held in high esteem.

While on this subject, I may as well state, that there is one part of the management of the various public departments, in the United States, which we, in England, might copy with advantage. In none of them will you meet with incivility, supercilious hauteur, or the nonchalant affectation, of being above their business, so common among the staff of public employés, in England. Then, again, you are not kept waiting in an ante-room, until patience is nearly exhausted, before the interview sought, is condescendingly granted. During my stay at Washington, I had occasion to visit several of the public offices in that city; and I can testify, therefore, from personal experience, to the readiness with which each "Chief Secretary" admitted me to his presence, and the utter absence of all official pedantry of manner, or speech. It 265 is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to say, that I had not the least claim to any special attention. I went, simply as one of the public, seeking information.

I do not intend, in this volume, to take the reader through the rather extensive tour made by me in the Southern and Western States; but before I close the present sketch, I cannot refrain from a few remarks on the material prosperity of this country, everywhere apparent. Differences of opinion may exist as to the comparative advantages of this, or other forms of government, and also, upon the social and moral condition of the people, of the United States; but there can be none, as to the prosperity in money matters. Through the whole district in which I travelled, I can most truly say, that, except in the north-eastern part of Virginia, no sign of retrogression was apparent. Everywhere else, rapid progress was evident. It would, indeed, be inexcusable, were it not so; but the Americans have a right to say, that they have largely and energetically availed themselves of those circumstances, which have combined to make them what they, undoubtedly, are. It is needless, in the present day, to recapitulate these. Deep-thinking and practical, were the early settlers on

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this virgin soil. Self-reliant and self-dependent: men whose ideas, on most 266 subjects, were, (not with standing their prejudices) far in advance of the age in which they lived. Such were the Pilgrim Fathers. The sons of such sires were not likely to degenerate. The experience of ages of civilization guided them in their early career: the Old, did not hamper the New. They started free; and, though the advantages which surrounded them were great, they neglected none. A natural instinct taught them to labour: idleness, was with them, and still is, among their descendants, considered a vice; while, even in the pre. sent day, the compulsory distribution among all the children, of the property of their parents, renders the *fruges consumere nati* few. All, therefore, must produce, as well as consume. I was much struck everywhere by the large expenditure incurred by all classes of the community. Among the artizans, shopkeepers, and merchants, this is peculiarly the case; and clearly proves that they must gain largely, to be able to spend so freely. In the Southern States, copper, as a circulating medium, is almost, if not entirely, unknown.

Speaking generally, a constitutional irritability of temperament, prevents the Americans from remaining long contented, in any given position. They must strive to be richer than they are: the highest step of their ladder is 267 never gained. He who is most in esteem, is he who has amassed most wealth. There is no disgrace in trade, and consequently no check imposed by society, on its rapid development. Happily, we, in England, are fast acquiring the same sensible feeling; though here and there, in the country districts, the old-fashioned prejudice still lingers, among the landed proprietors; but, when that last stronghold has been carried, it will be a thing of the past, even with us. As, however, there is no good, without some accompanying drawback, this universal pursuit of gain, does undoubtedly bring into undue prominence certain qualities of the mind which might, with advantage, be kept more under restraint. Still, in a country, which, though not new in the race of life, is still more or less in a transition state, where the collective, as well as each individual mind, can at once find scope, activity, (even if it be, rather restless and obtrusive,) is more calculated to develope its resources, than a steady, plodding, matter-of-fact temperament. In America, but little time is spent, on education, or apprenticeship.

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The boy of fifteen, thinks he ought, and generally does, earn money; and a couple of years, passed in preliminary study, qualifies for any of the learned professions. If, therefore, a young man finds, upon experience, that he has mistaken his career 268 in life, there are few checks to prevent his quitting it for another, for which he either is, or imagines himself to be, more adapted. In England, it may be said that when once a profession is embraced, to adopt another is next to impossible. Years must pass, and much money be spent, before the result desired, can be attained. It is possible that in America, the standard of qualification in each profession, may suffer from this laxity; but I am not aware that, as a class, professional men are found not to be *pares negotiis*. At any rate, the path of life is rendered much less difficult. Few, therefore, fail, in some career, at present, because there is room, and freedom for all; though, doubtless, when the whole of this vast continent becomes as thickly inhabited as Europe, a higher standard will be required to ensure success, as the personal competition, will be greater.

To me, this universal prosperity, was, I must confess, most gratifying; and I envy not the man who could pass many months among a community so situated, without a keen sensation of pleasure. Faults they possess, no doubt—some of which, are patent enough; and the generality of travellers have not forgotten to point them out; but have apparently taken a malicious pleasure in holding up to the ridicule of their readers, every little eccentricity, solecism 269 and social, or political, failing. The candid, impartial, unprejudiced man, on the contrary, must admit, that, in this country and its inhabitants, there is much, both to praise and admire. He, will say, that a fertile soil has not engendered sloth; immense rivers have not been allowed to flow in vain; abundance, has not made them reckless of opportunity; material resources of unbounded extent have been developed; and the utmost personal freedom, has rarely been allowed to degenerate into license. There may be evil days in store for this country, and its inhabitants. Diverse interests, or a too extensive territory, may sever the Union; the freedom of a Republic, may be supplanted by the iron rule of a Despot. These, and other changes, have often been predicted by those, whose prejudices are shocked, by the spectacle of a great Republic,

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prosperous and contented, and gradually, but surely, gaining for itself, the respects—if not the admiration—of the world. Happily, the time has not yet come when the truth of these predictions has been verified; and I cannot close this sketch, without expressing a fervent hope, that the biting poverty, and wretchedness—the shocking contrasts—the revolutions and proscriptions, and the curse of irresponsible power—only too common, in some parts of Europe—may long be averted from a 270 nation, in whom every Englishman must recognize, the chief characteristics of his own race.

There are so many different modes of reaching Boston from New York: each offering some peculiar attractions, that the traveller finds some difficulty in selecting by which he will proceed. All are good, speedy, and cheap. The capital of Massachusetts is, like most large cities on the Atlantic coast of America, almost surrounded by water. It stands on a peninsula about three miles long, and is connected with the main land by a very narrow strip. Bridges connect the city with some of its various suburbs, and steam ferry boats ply constantly across the water to East Boston. The various railways are (as is usual in America) brought into the very heart of the town: and there are no less than six of these, carried across the Charles River, and South Boston Bay. Boston is a neat city; and, in some parts, looks quite venerable. The inhabitants think it faultless; but a stranger will, perhaps, hesitate a little before giving in his adherence to that opinion. The associations connected with the city and its vicinity invest it with an interest. The Bunker Hill Monument is situated in Charlestown, and is, by no means, elegant: in fact, it is merely a tall, 271 square tower, without grace or beauty, of any kind. Few places differ more than do New York and Boston—not only externally, but in the tone of society. In the former place, it is rather the fashion to affect a dissipated manner and tone: whereas, in Boston, there is still cherished a rather stern, unyielding character; the natural result of the immediate descent from the Non-conformist ancestors, who founded the city. The Anglo-Saxon element is peculiarly strong in Boston: the original English type, is less modified there, than in other parts of the Union. An Englishman, therefore, ought to speak of Boston with respect. It is not a gay city, but solid, substantial, sober, and grave.

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I left America, for Liverpool, in the early part of August; and, after a rapid and agreeable passage, made the entrance to the Mersey on the eleventh day. On passing the Welsh mountains, the view was magnificent; but, during the night, a dense fog came on; and, though it was the height of summer, we ran up the Mersey without seeing a single object. It was an inhospitable welcome to one's native land, after an absence of two years. We made the best of our way to an hotel, in Dale-street. The contrast it presented to similar buildings, in America, was not at all gratifying. Every thing was small, dingy, and mean. Then, 272 again, the people in the streets, looked povertystricken and wretched. I cannot help saying, that I saw, in Liverpool, more miserable-looking objects than during the two years, I had spent in America. I am quite aware, of course, that a large seaport, like Liverpool, is not a fair representation of my own country; but I can assure the reader, that the remarks made upon the place and its inhabitants, by my American fellow-passengers, were far from complimentary; and they were all the more painful to me, as I could not help acknowledging their correctness. The place is not calculated to make a favourable impression upon a traveller; and I was very glad to find myself gliding along the North-Western Railway, at the rate of thirty miles, an hour, past the green meadows, the trim hedges, and clean farm-houses of the rural districts. There, I could point out objects, with pride; and listen to the commendation of my fellow-travellers, with pleasure.

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